McKean County Miner.

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12th ANNUAL FIREMEN'S CONVENTION AT SMETHPORT

Good Time in Store for All Who Attend.

BIG PARADE, THURSDAY.

Many Fire Companies and Bands Will be in Line.

RACES AND PRIZE DRILL, FRIDAY.

Three Big Days in Smethport, August 1, 2 and 3—Many Other Amusements—You are Coming of Course.

Preparations for the Twelfth Annual Convention of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Firemen's Association, to be held in this borough Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 1, 2 and 3, are moving along finely and there is every indication that this meeting of the gallant fire laddies and their friends and sweethearts will be a decided success in every way. The various committees are busily engaged in perfecting all arrangements and by next Tuesday everything will be in readiness.

The first on the program is the business meeting of the delegates of the association which will be called to order at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon at the Lyceum. This meeting will be followed by a luncheon in the Lyceum in the evening, and will be under the supervision of the ladies of the town. There will also be a league game of ball between Kane and Bradford at 4 p. m.

The program for Thursday, the second day, consists of two ball games between the Kane and Bradford Interstate League teams, the big parade and a dance in the Lyceum in the evening.

The big parade, which as near as can be ascertained at the present time, will be composed of between twenty and thirty companies and from eight to ten bands, will start promptly at 2 p. m. and make the following line of march: Main street west to Long street, counter march Main to Nelson street, to Bank street, to Mechanic street, to Main street, to Pine street, to King street, to Holmes street, to Water street, to Mechanic street, to Main street, to court house and disband.

The first ball game between Kane and Bradford will be called at 10 a. m. and the second game will be called at 4 p. m. These should be first-class exhibitions as both are playing fast ball and are making a hard fight for the pennant. It is also expected that there will be one or two games on Friday between Smethport and Johnsonburg.

There will be a dance in the Lyceum on Thursday and Friday evenings. Chadwick's orchestra, strengthened by Bradford musicians, will furnish the music and a first-class time is assured.

The races which will be held at the race track on the fair grounds on Friday will be started promptly at 1:30 p. m. There is to be the hose race—first prize, $100; second prize, $60, and third prize, $25. The hub and hub race—first prize, $50, and second prize, $25. The prize drill—first prize, $100, and second prize, $50.

For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with hose racing we give a description: Hose race—Dry run, standing start, each team to be allowed one trial; cart to carry 250 feet of hose, in 50 foot lengths; distance, 200 yards run, 400 feet to hydrant, attach and lay one line of hose 200 feet from hydrant, break coupling and put on pipe; pipe and coupling to be eight threads to the inch, with at least three full threads to couple and to be screwed up to shoulder or washer, ready for water; time to be taken from start till the pipe drops on the ground, and within fifteen feet from the finish line; a penalty of one-quarter second for each three feet or fraction thereof of excess shall be added to the time.

Hub race—Teams to start with wheel-hubs over starting point, drawing fire apparatus weighing not less than 300 pounds, running a single dash of 200 yards. Hubs first over the line to win. Race to be run in heats, with two entries each and time to be taken; the teams making the quickest time to win prizes.

The decorations will undoubtedly be the finest ever seen in this place. Three large arches have been erected on Main street and practically every business place and residence in town will be decorated. J. R. Fuhrman of Jamestown, N. Y., a professional decorator, is in town and at present is decorating the arches. He will be kept busy after the work is finished in decorating many of the business places in town.

The side attractions and amusements will be numerous and varied. There are two merry-go rounds and a razzle-dazzle here already, a ten-cent dance will be given in the Backus block afternoons and evenings and there will be a dance each evening at Howe's hall, East Smethport. Burgess Strong has granted licenses to any number of small-er amusements, such as shooting galleries, cane racks, etc.

Persons having rooms for rent during the convention are requested to notify Fred H. Hungiville at Monheimer's store and the various hotel proprietors so that every available room can be filled.

Recovered His Horse.

Some time ago a young man employed in the livery stable of F. J. Vickery of this place traded off one of Mr. Vickery's horses, without his consent, to a man then living at Larabee, with the understanding that if the horse was not as represented Mr. Vickery could have the privilege of trading back.

According to reports the horse was a bad actor and when Mr. Vickery went to Larabee to re-exchange animals he found that his horse and the man who had him had taken up their abode in New York state.

Mr. Vickery commenced legal proceedings to recover the animal and the final hearing was had at Olean last Monday. It is said that the case was an unusually interesting one and drew a good deal of attention. The final result was that a verdict was found in favor of Mr. Vickery, and now he has his own horse, although he has been put to a great deal of trouble and expense.

Challenge Answered.

Terry Edwards came to this office yesterday morning and stated that he was ready and anxious to accept the challenge made in these columns last week by Billy Currig. He also stated that if Mr. Currig will post a forfeit of $50 to meet him on August 1, 2 or 3 he will cover it at once and complete other arrangements for a match. He is also prepared to make a $150 side bet that he will win the bout.

Edwards is quite well-known in this section and is known as a clever, fast boxer and if these two men meet a lively go is sure to follow. He is considerably lighter than Currig but feels confident that he can win nevertheless.

Mr. Edwards has had several bouts in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently and won a battle at Lock Haven with Jimmy Barry of Chicago in seven rounds. He is in excellent condition and capable of putting up the fight of his life.

Russell Sage's Will.

A New York dispatch, dated July 25, says: The World to-morrow will say:

Every dollar of Russell Sage's great fortune is left to Mrs. Sage by a will made in 1901, except an insignificant bequest made to Mrs. Fannie Chapin of Oneida, N. Y., an only sister, who died two years ago.

The will is to be read at the home of Mrs. Sage at No. 682 Fifth Avenue today and will be offered for probate immediately. The will undoubtedly will be contested by the Troy relatives of Mr. Sage, who will charge that the 1901 will was made after a mental break down on the part of Mr. Sage, and that Mrs. Sage exerted undue influence over him in the distribution of his wealth. Not one dollar of the fortune is left to charity

A Narrow Escape.

Luey Burdick, a 13-year-old boy who is assisting in haying at the county farm, had a narrow escape from death Tuesday evening, while driving the team which was drawing in hay.

In some manner the team became frightened and started to run. The load of hay was overturned and the boy completely buried under it. His father, O. J. Burdick, who was assisting in the work, came promptly to his rescue and by heroic work managed to extricate his son before he was suffocated, although he was nearly unconscious when he was found. He was not otherwise injured and the team and wagon suffered no damage.

Down an Embankment.

Last Sunday afternoon Mr. E. W. Eschbach and Miss Margaret Cummings, while returning from Cameron, met an automobile near the coke ovens when their horse took fright and plunged over the steep embankment. The occupants stuck to the buggy until thrown out, after tumbling about one hundred feet. Miss Cummings was considerably bruised and cut about the face and body. Her companion escaped with slight injuries. The horse never stopped until it reached the railroad track. It is a miracle that the occupants were not fatally injured.—Emporium Press.

For Sale.

A number of fine lots fronting on Main Street, in Smethport. These lots are 4 by 16 rods, nicely located, and will be sold at moderate prices and on easy terms of payment. Also a nice lot on Bank street. T. H. Morrison, Attorney

Do you want a good lawn swing? We are closing out our line at cost. They are O. K. Price $6.00. Holmes & Gillilan.

CLAM BAKE WAS LARGELY ATTENDED.

And was a Great Success Both Socially and Financially.

GOOD DAY AND GREAT FEAST.

Over One Hundred People Feast at Burbank's Grove—Good Feast and Some Good Sport.

The annual clam bake was held at Burbank's Grove yesterday and was a great success in every way. The day was perfect and the attendance was, if anything, larger than usual. Heretofore these clam bakes have been held annually under the auspices of the local Glass Bottle Blowers' Association, but for some reason they did not hold one this year when the fire went out.

These annual bakes had become so popular with the Smethport people that when they learned that this organization did not intend to favor them with the usual outing, they got together and finally induced Paddy Curran and John Eckert to manage a bake, and the success of yesterday again demonstrates that they thoroughly understand their business and that they can draw a crowd even though nearly everybody is busy getting ready for the Firemen's Convention.

Early in the morning Messrs. Curran and Eckert and their corps of able assistants were on the grounds preparing for the feast. Between ten and eleven o'clock the chowder, sandwiches and raw clams were ready and there was a goodly number of guests and it is needless to say that they did ample justice to this toothsome spread.

After the inner man had been temporarily satisfied the party indulged in the usual sports and amusements. Chadwick's Orchestra was there and furnished inspiring music for the songs, dances, etc. In the sports there were foot races for the fats, the leans, the old and the young, there was high jumping and long jumping contests and others too numerous to mention.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the bake proper was ready and a better spread would be hard to find. The clams, spring chicken, blue fish, green corn, new potatoes and all the trimmings were served in most excellent style and there was more than a plenty for everybody, even though all ate as though they had never eaten before.

Everybody had a most delightful time and they are more determined than ever that the annual clam bake in Smethport will be a permanent affair. Several Bradford men were present and they are of the same opinion as the home talent.

Oil City Residents Were Easy Marks.

Oil City residents, according to stories told in the Derrick, seem easy victims for grafters and pickpockets. It was stated that fully a dozen people who had purchased diamonds from strangers during the week have been to jewelers of the city to have them valued. In every instance it was discovered that the purchaser had been bitten and though the stones were genuine diamonds they were "off" color or contained flaws. It is said that a Cleveland house which deals in inferior gems as a specialty has agents following the races and disposing of their wares to race patrons and others. It pays to buy at home of reputable dealers, who are responsible for any contract they may make, rather than to buy a poor quality of goods which could be bought at local shops at from 10 to 50 per cent cheaper if they were desired by the purchasers. Patrons of the Oil City races also have had their pockets picked of money and winning pool tickets.

This gang is liable to be here for the Firemen's Convention and McKean County Fair, so it will be well to be on the watch for them.

Little Girl Killed.

Edna Johnson, aged 11 years, daughter of David Johnson, who lives on McCrea Brook, three miles from State Line Mills, was accidentally shot and killed by her brother, Willie, aged 13 years, who discharged a revolver, the bullet entering her forehead, killing her instantly, last Monday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, who were a half mile from the house when the accident happened, were startled by the screams of the boy. Upon their arrival at the house they found the little girl dead on the floor. The boy told his parents that a hawk had settled in the vicinity of the house and that he had rushed into the house and procured his father's revolver to shoot it. At the door the little girl met her brother and as they met the weapon was discharged with the result stated.—Eldred Eagle.

For Sale.

Forty acres nice, smooth meadow. Inquire, John Harrington, R. F. D. No. 6, Smethport, Pa.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Hafner.—At her home in Hamlin township, on Friday morning, December 16, 1882, after a very painful illness of but four days, Minnie, wife of John Hafner, aged 32 years.

At the autopsy her death was found to have resulted from inflammation of the bowels caused by a common brass pin which had ulcerated through the coat of the bowels. She was an estimable woman and her family and friends will grievously mourn her loss.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Richmond met and passed the 25th anniversary of their marriage Thursday evening, Dec. 28, 1882. The occasion was marked by the assemblage of friends, and a company of about 80 immediate friends and relatives were present with words of tokens of congratulations and good wishes. Many valuable presents were received and many wishes expressed that the happy couple might be blessed with another 25 years of journeying together.

DeLaucy Alfred died at East Smethport, Pa., Dec. 28, 1882, about 2 o'clock p. m.

His death was occasioned by injuries received on the previous day at about 10 o'clock a. m. While engaged securing evergreens, a limb, some thirty feet high on which he was standing broke, and he fell to the ground fracturing his skull, breaking his right arm, and causing many bruises on other parts of his body. Dr. S. D. Freeman was at once summoned, who attended to the sufferer's needs faithfully and satisfactorily, but without avail. Human skill could not stay the hand of death.

Mr. Alfred was born at French Creek, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., Nov. 15, 1857, but for a number of years had been at Erie, Pa. For some time previous to his death he had been acting as general agent for Ruth & Co.'s publishing house of Philadelphia. Literary labor was, however, his chosen life work, a work which, to some extent, had already engaged his mind. His education was completed at Lock Haven, Pa. Four years ago he came to this place and engaged as teacher of the school at East Smethport. He discharged his duty faithfully and acceptably, also made friends among many people. While here he became acquainted with Miss Jennie L. Bush to whom he became engaged. The following Monday was to have been their wedding day, but alas, how suddenly and unexpectedly were their fond hopes crushed. For him we mourn, to her we should extend our sympathies. When about eighteen years of age he publically professed Christ, and united with the M. E. church at Greenfield, Erie Co., Pa. To those most intimate with him, he gave proof of a strong christian character, and dying, leaves behind the record of an untarnished name. In his death he has gained a victory and heavenly mansions.

The funeral services were conducted by O. J. Rose. The text for the occasion was, "I am the way, the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but me."

His remains rest in the Bush Hill cemetery waiting the final resurrection. The afflicted families desire to express their gratitude to their many friends for the sympathy and kindness which has been shown in the hour of sorrow.

Holly–Eastman.—By R. D. Tull, J. P., at Myrtle, Pa., Dec. 23, 1882, Mr. Wilbur Holly and Miss Mary Eastman, both of Ceres, Pa.

Carter–Holmes.—At the home of the bride, Dec. 28, 1882, by Rev. E. P. Hubbel, Egbert P. Carter of Arcade, N. Y., and Maria Holmes of Smethport, Pa.

Wednesday evening, December 13, 1882, Dr. W. Y. McCoy and Mrs. McCoy celebrated their golden wedding, having lived together in the marital relation fifty years. The reception tendered by the venerable couple to their children and friends was cordial and heartfelt.

There were present seven children, twelve grand children and one great-grand child, as well as a company of friends of the family numbering fifty or more.

The Doctor, who is now in his seventy-fourth year, is hale and well preserved, and during the evening read to the assembled friends a carefully prepared, though brief history of his life since the important day of which they met yesterday to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary.

Just as we go to press we are informed on the receipt of a telegram by W. J. Colegrove announcing the death of his son-in-law, John Ross of Coudersport. He died at Jersey Shore, where he has been lying sick for several days. The nature of his disease we have not learned. He was the only son of Hon. Sobieski Ross, who represented this district in congress two terms, and was a young man of unusual promise. He was prominently connected with the Jersey Shore and Pine Creek railroad and his death in the early days of his usefulness is a severe blow to his community as well as to his family and friends. Dec. 7, 1882.

WRECK ON THE KUSHEQUA R. R. "FERRY" CAR.

Big Car of Lumber Turns Over at Foot of Hill Street Tuesday.

TELEPHONES PUT OUT OF BUSINESS

There were Thirty-Eight Telephones Knocked Out and Telegraph Lines Damaged—No One was Injured

There was a wreck on the Kushequa Route in this borough on Tuesday morning which did considerable damage to the telephone and telegraph lines, when a broad gauge car of hardwood lumber which was loaded on the narrow gauge "ferry" used to pilot cars across the P., S. & N. R. R. tracks, overturned.

The car struck a telephone pole, knocking it down, and this pulled another pole down which struck on the roof of the porch of F. B. Mayo's house doing some little damage. Three other poles were also broken and altogether a good deal of damage was done.

It is thought that the cause of the accident was that the car was loaded unusually high and that the truck was not level at this point, which is on a slight curve and the train was running very slow. The rails were quite badly spread and the "ferry" car was also derailed, but the crew said the "ferry" car did not leave the rails until the other car tipped over.

It is lucky that no one was injured. Several people had just passed the car on the sidewalk, and had they been a little slower some of them would have been seriously injured.

Appalling List of Accidental Deaths.

That was an appalling list of accidental deaths that the Inquirer printed yesterday. Did you glance over it? Since the first of January the railroads, the trolley lines, wagons drawn by horses and automobiles have killed, within the limits of Philadelphia, 143 persons.

Here are the figures as taken from the books of the Coroner:

Killed by railroads, 77.
Killed by trolley cars, 43.
Killed by wagons, 16.
Killed by automobiles, 7.

Truly, that is a terrible array. The railroads with their grade crossings lead, the trolley cars follow, while the abused automobile is at the end of the list with but seven fatalities to its credit—seven too many, of course, but apparently showing that they are far less dangerous than any of the other means of transportation.

What is to be done about this continual feast of death? Strict laws govern automobiles, and they seem to be under much better control than even the wagons, but the harvest of the trolley is frightful while the deadly grade crossing is never satisfied.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

New Window Glass Co.

At a meeting of the Window Glass Manufacturers of the Mountain District held at Kane recently, a new company was formed for the purpose of buying and selling window glass and other products. The new company will be known as the Mountain Window Glass Co.

The offices of the company will be located in Kane; the officers elected were, H. R. Hilton of Port Allegany, president; B. N. McCoy, vice president; H. H. Clayson, treasurer, and G. W. Morenus, secretary.

In this connection arrangements have been completed for the erection of a large salt cake factory, which will also be located in Kane, and the output will be taken by the new company. This means another important industry for Kane, one that will employ quite a number of men the year round.

Another feature will be the centralization of the window glass business of the mountain district at Kane.—Kane Republican.

Home Made Mail Boxes.

Postmaster General Cortelyou has issued an order, to go into effect August 1st, rescinding the regulation under which patrons of rural mail routes are compelled to purchase boxes from one of the 200 listed manufacturers, who have put on the market 300 different styles of boxes, approved by the department, costing from 50 cents to $3 each. Patrons of rural routes will be permitted to construct their own boxes, provided that in so doing they conform to the requirements of the department. In order to maintain the Government protection of the mail placed in rural boxes the patron must secure the approval of the postmaster for the office which serves the route, and paint on the box the words, "Approved by the Postmaster General."—Ex.

For Sale.

Good building lot opposite depot at Larabee. For further information inquire of H. W. RUBIN, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Valuable Watch Recovered.

About a year ago while Mrs. Henry Hamlin was a guest of Hon. and Mrs. A. G. Olmstead of Coudersport a watch belonging to Mrs. Hamlin and valued at over $800, disappeared from her room. Chief of Police Swift of Olean was called in to investigate the matter at the time and after working two days on the case informed Mr. Olmstead that the watch had been taken by an inmate of the house and that suspicion pointed to a woman employed as a servant, who was discharged. No sign of the time piece was found until a few days recently, when an unused room in the house was being overhauled and there between the slats and mattress of a bed the watch was found. It is supposed that the person who stole it hid it there and expected to take it when she left but no opportunity came as each inmate of the house was closely watched.

The Coudersport Enterprise says: There is still more of this interesting story. The watch was found by Bessie Latham, a colored servant girl who was wild with joy when she was able to hand to Mrs. Olmstead the long lost treasure. Some days ago when Judge Ormerod happened to be in Smethport at the request of Mr. Hamlin he brought a very neatly arranged package, sent by Mr. Hamlin from a Smethport jewelry store to the Olmstead house. When opened it was found to contain a beautiful gold watch, a reward for the honest young woman, who found the Hamlin heirloom.

A Dynamiter Punished.

The Wellsboro Republican-Advocate says:

Last Saturday night, Jason Churchill, Gurdon Wicks, Fred Bower and Chas. Bennett, all of Little Marsh, went spearing, a favorite sport in that section when the water is low, on Jamison creek.

For reasons best known to themselves they had along about a third of a stick of dynamite. It is rumored that they came to a hole that was too deep for spearing and thought to drop the dynamite in just to see what would come to the surface.

Anyway, Churchill held the stick in his right hand and lit it. He held it too long and before he could throw it from him it exploded with terrific effect tearing off the hand and injuring badly his right leg and side.

The injured man was taken home where the hand was amputated at the wrist. He is about 24 years old and a farmer. None of the other men were hurt.

A Remarkable Case.

A dispatch from Washington says: "One of the most remarkable cases of resuscitation ever reported to the life saving service has just been sent in by Superintendent Knowles of the third district.

The case is that of Robert Mooney, who was thrown into the water near Wakefield, by the capsizing of a boat and according to the official report, remained under water for 23 minutes. When first aid was given, from three and one-half quarts to a gallon of water was expelled from his lungs. A second operation brought another pint of water from Mooney, who bore all the appearance of a drowned man.

Artificial respiration was employed for an hour and forty-eight minutes before the first sign of returning consciousness was apparent. Friction and hot stones were then applied and the bellows movement continued. The patient did not recover complete consciousness until the next day after the accident.

Burned by Electricity.

Alfred A. Johnson of Warren, employed as a lineman, met with a terrible accident last week. He was engaged with other workmen in stringing a telephone wire along the Warren and Jamestown trolley line at Ackleys when his left hand came in contact with a live wire. The unfortunate man was unable to release his hold for half a minute when he became unconscious and fell from a ladder upon which he was standing. His fall was broken by a fellow workman, who caught him at the foot of the ladder. Johnson remained senseless for some time and he was thought dead but afterward showed signs of life. He was taken to the Emergency hospital, Warren, where it was found necessary to amputate the hand at the wrist. The flesh was burned to the bone and the unfortunate man's clothing took fire and had it not been that he fell he would have been incinerated.—Bradford Era.

Notice to Water Consumers.

Water consumers are warned to be careful about wasting the water for the reservoir is again getting low, and careless waste is liable to cause a water famine.

B. T. GARLICK, Sec'y.
Smethport Water Co.

Dr. Hyde Coming.

Dr. H. B. Hyde, the eye specialist, will be at the Grand Central Hotel, Smethport, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3 and 4. Eyesight restored and headaches cured; also all diseases of the eyes. The doctor makes a free application and all work guaranteed.

Subscribe for the MINER.

WON BY "WIRELESS"

By William Wallace Cook

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"WIRELESS telegraphy, gentlemen, is all very well—it is the coming system, I suppose—but there are other wireless ways of shooting our thoughts across an abyss of space that will never be entirely superseded by this invention."

The young fellow over in the corner of the smoking compartment roused himself with the genial frown of a man who might become a nuisance if pressed. Several dollars hours lay before us, and such a pay streak could not be allowed to go undeveloped.

"Do you remember the strike of the telegraph operators on that jerk water Arizona road last spring?" the young man proceeded after a little urging. "Among those who walked out were three young easterners who had jollied each other over the wire until they had become pretty well acquainted.

"That strike became a lockout, and the road brought in a lot of young women operators to take the places of

HE GAVE HER PERSONAL INSTRUCTION.

the men. Now, what do you suppose an outfit of lucky strikers could do after that?

"Their native chivalry prevented anything like intimidation, so they bowed to the inevitable, and those who did not embrace other parts turned their hands to the first thing that offered. The three young easterners I have already mentioned found employment at the North Star mine, six miles across the Hassayampa valley from the town of Punout.

"One of them, a handy fellow by the name of Gene Leavitt, had a working knowledge of the steam engine and secured a job as engineer in the stamp mill.

"Tom Morrisey, the second of the trio, went to work in the superintendent's office as timekeeper and general utility man, and Myrtle Bennett, the third of the lot, was allowed to try his hand as an overman.

"It was a wearisome change from accustomed duties at the telegraph key, but before the three friends had been long at the mine the situation was found to have its amenities.

"The young lady who had usurped Bennett's place at Punout was a bit of femininity who might be referred to as a 'dream' without jarring the sensibilities of the purist who takes issue with so trite an expression. She was from the east, too, and possessed a pair of blue eyes that eventually played havoc with all Punout, say nothing of the surrounding country and the camp at the North Star.

"The three locked out strikers all displayed an unmistakable interest in the Punout operator, but fortune seemed to favor Bennett. There were certain details connected with her duties at the station which Miss Bradley—Nita Bradley was the new operator's name—found it difficult to comprehend, and Bennett used to ride over evenings and give her personal instruction.

"At that time the North Star camp was short of live stock, so much so that there was only one horse to be had for love or money. When Bennett didn't have the horse it was a safe guess that the animal was in the hands of Leavitt or Morrisey or Nate Beals.

"Beals was the superintendent and had also struck his colors to the Punout operator. As he became further and further involved he displayed a mercenary spirit and refused firmly to grant either of his three rivals a layoff during working hours.

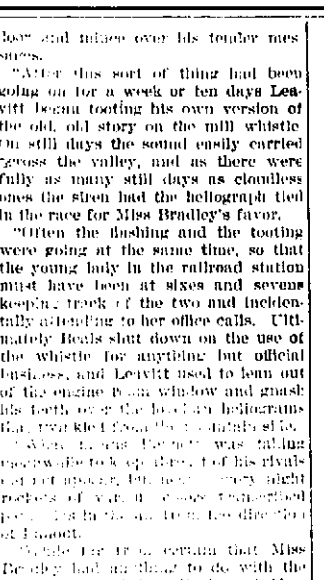
"The wooing were on and the wooing of Miss Bradley developed into a game of chess. Eternal vigilance was to be the price of success, it seemed, and each of the quartet made it his business to watch the others and backcap any design that might lead to an advantage.

"Morrisey's ingenuity evolved a machine that filled the others with despair. It was a crude heliograph, which he perched on the side of the mountain and utilized for flashing dots and dashes of budding affection across the valley.

"Beals took occasion to perfect himself in the Morse alphabet and would station himself in a convenient spot from which the heliograms might be read; then when Morrisey strolled back, with his tripod under one arm and his mirror under the other, the super used to meet him at the office door and inform him of his tender messages.

"After this sort of thing had been going on for a week or ten days Leavitt began tooting his own version of the old, old story on the mill whistle on still days the sound easily carried across the valley, and as there were fully as many still days as cloudless ones the siren had the heliograph tied in the race for Miss Bradley's favor.

"Often the flashing and the tooting were going at the same time, so that the young lady in the railroad station must have been at sixes and sevens keeping track of the two and incidentally attending to her office calls. Ultimately Beals shut down on the use of the whistle for anything but official business, and Leavitt used to lean out of the engine room window and gnash his teeth over the heliograms that were liberally sprinkled



HE TOOK THE GLASSES

gether with assurances of my sisterly regard.'

"No doubt she would have said more, but at that moment a call from the dispatcher came clicking out to her through the open window of the telegraph office, and she flitted away from the astounded Beals.

"Well," and here our raconteur sighed and lighted a fresh cigar, "the rocket was like, and I'm on my way to Denver to buy something real nice in the silver line as a wedding present for Bennett and Miss Bradley. The three who were shut out are in on the deal. My name is Leavitt," he added.

His Story Was True.

"Here's a cup I got in Morocco," said the enthusiastic tourist, showing his collection of souvenirs. "You see it has an Arabic inscription."

His friend was turning the cup curiously around. At length he remarked dryly:

"Yes, the inscription is Arabic all right."

"Sure?" replied the easy going tourist, a little nettled at the insinuation of a possible doubt.

"You can read it better if you turn the cup upside down," suggested the friend, and, suiting the action to the word, he showed the tourist that the mysterious characters were nothing more than "1.50" engraved in rough, irregular figures on the metal.

"The rascal!" exclaimed the outraged collector. "He told me that it was an Arabic inscription when he sold it to me!"

"He told you nothing more than the truth," was the reply. "You forgot that our numerals are Arabic."

But somehow that fact about the collector lost interest in the souvenir from Morocco.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It Cured Him.

An elderly man once consulted Sir William Gull, the eminent physician, about stomach complaints, but there was a formidable obstacle to diagnosis in the patient being deaf.

"What do you have for dinner?" roared Sir William into his right ear.

"Oh, no," was the reply; "plenty of that two miles regularly after breakfast and two more before dinner."

"How long do you lie abed of a morning?"

"Well, doctor, I shall be sixty-nine this day three weeks."

Without further parley the doctor gave him some simple prescription. At the door the man turned round and in the loud, rattling tones of one very deaf called out:

"Doctor, can you cure deafness?"

Sir William shook his head and made his lips express "No."

"I thought so. You've been very kind to me, therefore I make you welcome to this prescription," which he pulled from his pocket, adding, "It cured me."—London Graphic.

The Steam Schooner.

The steam schooner, a vessel whose build and habits are peculiar to the Pacific, often goes to sea "with her load line over her hatch," which means that after her hold has been crammed with cargo a deckload of lumber is piled halfway up the masts, so that her skipper puts out with the water washing green over his main deck and an occasional comber frisking across his battened hatches. Along the harbor front of Seattle runs the story of a passenger who loped down to the wharf in a hurry to get aboard a departing steam schooner. He balanced himself on the stringpiece for an instant, looked down at what little he could see of the laden craft and hove his gripsack down the only opening in sight. He was about to dive after it when a lounger on the wharf shouted:

"Hi, there! Where do you think you're jumpin' to? That's the smokestack you tossed your baggage down."

"Rats!" gasped the passenger. "I thought it was the hatch."—Outing Magazine.

Mind How You Laugh.

Isn't it a curious thing that laughing may spoil your features? If you laugh with the sides of your face the skin will work loose in time and wrinkles will form in exact accordance with the kind of laugh you have. A person who is accustomed to suppressing his feelings generally has a deep line running from each side of his nose to the upper corner of his mouth, which in time extends to the chin, forming the shape of a half moon. The scholar's wrinkle forms on his brow, while a schemer's wrinkles come around his eyes. The man who always wears a smirk will have a series of semicircular wrinkles covering his cheeks.

His Lamp.

Teacher (of east side school)—I wonder how many of you remember the pretty story of Aladdin and the wonderful lamp I told you last week. Billy Bleecker, can you tell me why our little friend Aladdin rubbed his lamp? Billy Bleecker (vaguely)—If he wuzn't gettin' sleepy he must 'a' had a cinder in it.—Puck.

THE SUPER USED TO MEET HIM AT THE OFFICE DOOR.

the Punout station. Miss Bradley was on the station platform, sitting on a box of outgoing freight. She was looking toward the North Star mine through a pair of powerful binoculars.

"'Miss Bradley,' said Beals, 'is it true you have been transferred to Antelope Springs?'

"'It is,' she answered, still using the binoculars.

"'And you are going this evening?'

"'Possibly.'

"'I have ridden over here to ask you a question, Miss Bradley. You surely are not blind to the feeling I cherish toward you'—

"'Not blind,' she broke in, remaining wrapped up in something she saw at the North Star, 'but scarcely what you would call responsive.'

"'Won't you let me finish?' he pleaded, finding it hard to have his hopes dashed before he had fairly stated his case.

"'Did you allow Mr. Leavitt to finish? Or Mr. Morrisey?'

"Beals gasped. 'What do you know about that?' he inquired.

"'Mr. Bennett informed me.'

"'Bennett? Why, he'—

"'Take the binoculars,' said she, looking at him with a radiant smile.

"He took the glasses, and across the valley, on a white scarp of the mountain opposite, he saw Myrtle Bennett wigwagging a message with a white thing. Then a great light dawned upon Beals.

"'Will you tell me how long this has been going on?' he asked, as he returned the binoculars.

"'Well,' Miss Bradley acknowledged, 'it antedates the heliograph and the mill whistle. If there is a blue rocket in the sky about 7:30 tonight you and Mr. Leavitt and Mr. Morrisey will please accept my sincere regrets, to-

A WONDER OF JAPAN.

The Famous Castle of the Gold Dolphins at Nishima.

Is the novel castle at Nishima, Japan, the palace which Marco Polo described in his tale of the marvels of far Cathay as covered with gold slabs? At the ends of the ridge of the pyramidal structure are huge solid gold dolphins. Beneath the pile is a well which is literally a salted gold mine. It is gallined and will hold sufficient water to supply 5,000 persons. The dolphins, which were placed on the top several centuries ago, have excited the curiosity of foreign relic hunters, as any one might imagine they would. So many have climbed to the top of the high structure to discover by testing if they are real gold that the dolphins have become seriously disfigured. Strong steel wire bags have been put over them to prevent further vandalism.

Only by good fortune does one of these dolphins still grace the old castle. A number of years ago it was taken down and sent to Vienna for exhibition at the world's fair held there as a rare specimen of ancient Japanese art. The vessel on which it was being returned sank, and it lay at the bottom of the sea for several years in spite of every attempt to raise it. Persistence was rewarded at last, for it was finally recovered and placed again in its old position.

The castle is used by the emperor of Japan as his headquarters during the army and navy reviews. State balls are also held there.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE WHALE'S SENSES.

Ability of the Ponderous Animal to Hear Under Water.

It seems perfectly evident that whales must hear when in the water, says the London Field. This inference is confirmed by the comparatively small development of the other sense organs. The eye, for instance, is very small and can be of little use even at the comparatively small depths to which whales are now believed to descend.

Again, the sense of smell, judging by the rudimentary conditions of the olfactory organs, must be in abeyance, and whales have no sense organs comparable to the lateral line system of fishes. Consequently it would seem that when below the surface of the water they must depend chiefly upon the sense of hearing. Probably this sense is so highly developed as to enable the animals in the midst of the vibrations made by the screwlike movements of the tail or flukes to distinguish the sound (or vibrations) made by the impact of the water against the rocks even in a dead calm, and, in the case of pisciverous species, to recognize by the pulse in the water the presence of shoal fish.

Failing in this explanation, it is difficult to imagine how whales can find their way about in the semidarkness and avoid collisions with rocks and rockbound coasts.

LAUGHTER.

Even if It Be Emotional Insanity, Let Us Have Plenty of It.

Some English scientist has reached the conclusion that laughter is insanity. He regards a fit of laughter as an emotional insanity of short duration. All right, then, give us a little more insanity. There is not laughter enough in the world—at least the right kind of laughter. We will let the Englishmen keep their faces straight if they want to, but it befits the American civilization better to break out into laughter once in awhile. Laughter is good for the facial muscles. It develops the muscles of the neck as well as the face. It makes the corners of the mouth turn upward instead of downward. It gives the wrinkles of the face a pleasing outline, quickens the action of the heart and gives new life to the nerve centers. Yes, we can afford to let the Englishman look wise and idiotic if he wants to. He can stare with fish eyed bigotry whenever a joke is perpetrated, never allowing a ripple of merriment to disturb the placidity of his countenance. He can do all these things that he wishes to, but let us go on laughing. This kind of insanity mixes very well with sanity and prosaic life. A little burst of emotional insanity breaks nicely the monotony of facts and figures.—Medical Talk.

A Picture of Tennyson.

A writer who once saw Lord Tennyson on the platform of a railway station says of him: "He would have been tall, but his shoulders seemed somewhat bent. His hair was long; so was his beard. He wore an ugly Inverness cape and a large slouch hat. He looked like a bandit in a melodrama, and I thought him some poor actor who had come out in some of the stage properties. He seemed so sad I felt quite sorry for him as I watched him walk up and down the platform."

Fiction.

Legitimately produced and truly inspirited, fiction interprets humanity, informs the understanding and quickens the affections. It reflects ourselves, warns us against social follies, adds rich specimens to our cabinet of characters, dramatizes life for the unimaginative, daguerreotypes it for the unobservant, multiplies experience for the isolated or inactive and cheers age, retirement and invalidism with an available and harmless solace.—Tuckerman.

Little Willie's Surprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Blank recently moved from the city to the suburbs. The first night in their new home their five-year-old son climbed into bed as soon as he was undressed.

"Willie," said his mother, "haven't you forgotten to say your prayers?"

"Why, mumma," he replied, "is God way out here too?"—Judge.

Mended It.

"I have never given you credit for knowing very much, madam," said a blunt old bachelor, "but"—

"Sir!" she interrupted. "Do you wish to insult"—

"But," he continued, "I have always admired your grace and beauty."

"I accept your apology," said the lady.

LIFE ON EASY STREET.

It Is an Ideal Place to Watch Styles Go By.

There are many [illegible] people living on Easy street than any where else in this broad land, and their pithy epithill is the natural consequence of living there, for, although you may not have thought of it, there is a close relationship existing between good health and the good darkness [illegible] getting on well in life. You can see this for yourself if you will note how a [illegible] drops, like a frost nipped flower, while by some mistake [illegible] his possessions on the asphalt. His possessions or the asphalt. His [illegible], one or all. Shylock [illegible] a hard heart with a long purse, and [illegible] in his effort to foreclose the head [illegible] his neck and won the contempt and scorn of all men. Mental disturbance [illegible] dyspepsia, dyspepsia ill health, and [illegible] from the ladies [illegible] and children at the [illegible] "all is well." But we need not go back so far for an illustration.

And on the other hand just cast your eye by observing for yourself how the ratio of even the antediluvian [illegible] on Easy street will make a sick man well, chicken dyling bones into life and change the wail of sorrow into the whir of joy. Recent literature has reflected as how a happy turn in the tide of the affairs of Josiah Wedgwood, afterward to become the world's great pioneer pottery artist and inventor, raised him from an invalid's couch and started him upon the road to affluence and distinction among England's industrial princes. Similarly Mary Wollstonecraft, afterward the mother of the poet Shelley's wife, ill from neglect and discouraged by hardships, was, by the success of her neatest ventures in literature, heartened to undertake her great life work, which soon yielded her a handsome royalty.

Read the story of Angelina, who lives on East street and has no desire to move and lose her dizzy headedness and her health. She was engaged to be married to Alban. He was a clerk receiving $12 per week, and she earned $85 a month teaching school. After a few years Angelina explained her continued splusterhood by saying that she had given Alban time to develop into a larger money getter, and he had not done it, so she doubted whether the advisability of exchanging an $85 a month position for a $50 a month husband. It is quite true that when poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window, but it is not because the Angelinas are without sentiment. It is because love cannot feed on incompetency and thrives best on Easy street.

So the importance of everything that will aid any one to get on in the world is established on a sure foundation—the testimony of facts. We do not exalt mere money getting above those qualities of head and heart which make life worth living, but rather emphasize the honorable getting of it as a conservor of them. And hence the wisdom of living on Easy street.—Cent Per Cent.

The Orchid Family.

There seems to be a general misconception as to just what an orchid is. Many call any plant which grows on a tree or has some peculiar feature an orchid. This mistake is frequently made with the pitcher plants and the "tall flowers." The uniting in one organ, called the column, of the stamens and pistils serves to distinguish the orchid family from all related ones. The orchid family embraces 6,000 or 7,000 species, of which comparatively few are found in the warm temperate and almost none in the cold temperate zones. They are mostly distributed in the tropical regions, in hot, humid places. Orchids, however, do not invariably prefer humid conditions. Nearly all tropical orchids grow on trees, but in temperate regions they grow in earth.—Youth's Companion.

Lost Boy Like Lost Umbrella.

The tourist stopped at the little cabin where an old colored mammy was bending over a big tub.

"Good morning, mammy," greeted the tourist.

"Mawnin', sah," responded mammy.

"Where's your son Sam?"

"Gone, sah; I dunno wheh."

"Well, he always was a bad boy, mammy."

"'Deed he was, sah. He was dess lak dat ole blue embrella Ah los' in de thunderstohm. He was hahd to raise, powahful hahd to raise, an' afteh Ah did raise him he jes' jumped away fum me, an' Ah ain't seen him since."—Chicago News.

Arithmetical.

"Yes," said the old mathematician, with a gleam in his eyes, "I've always looked at it that way. Marriage is addition, when the little ones come it's multiplication, when dissension looms up to cloud the horizon of their happiness it's division and when the final parting comes it's subtraction."

"And how about divorce?" asked the listener.

"Oh, I guess that would come under the denomination of fractions."—New York Press.

A Rare Article Indeed.

A little girl not long ago displayed a bit of feather—black, as it happened—to a caller at the house. This man looked impressed and inquired gravely, "What is that Nelly, an angel's wing?" The child slowly shook her head. "Oh, no," she answered at once. "Angels' feathers are white, and I think they are very scarce."

Silence.

Johnny—What's silence, Freddy? Freddy—It's what you don't hear when you listen.—Kansas City Independent.

The man who is trying to keep his head above water realizes that a floating debt is a poor life preserver.

Dull Times.

"Just set it for 5 o'clock," said the young lawyer, who was purchasing an alarm clock. "I'll never want to change it."

"Do you always get up at that hour in the morning?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, no. That's the hour in the afternoon when I always close my office and go home."—Philadelphia Press.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

The importance of knowing just what to do when one has kidney disease or urinary troubles, is best answered by the following letter which was recently published in the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., News-Press:

MILLERTON, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

"Dr. David Kennedy, Dear Sir:—For more than eighteen months I was so badly afflicted with kidney trouble I could scarcely walk a quarter of a mile without almost fainting. I did not gain any until I began to use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. After using the first bottle I noticed a decided improvement which continued, and I know that

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

saved my life, for I was in a miserable condition up to the time I began to take it—my friends thought I never would be better.

My sister also has been very sick with bladder trouble for over a year, so bad that quantities of blood would come from her. She suffered at times most frightful pain, and nothing seemed to help her until she began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. She is now using her third bottle, and is like a different person.

MRS. THOMAS DYE."

Write Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for free sample bottle. Large bottles $1. All druggists

ACME MILL,

F. A. GREEN, Propr.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

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J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING

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IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

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ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer

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LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

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Smethport - Penn.

March 8, 1905.

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M. L. ARMSTRONG,

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Vanblad & Treff,

Practical Horseshoers.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

Bad Stomach Makes Bad Blood.

You can not make sweet butter in a foul, unclean churn. The stomach serves as a churn in which to agitate, work up and distintegrate our food as it is being digested. If it be weak, sluggish and foul the result will be torpid, sluggish liver and bad, impure blood.

The ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are just such as best serve to correct and cure all such derangements. It is made up without a drop of alcohol in its composition; chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead of the commonly employed alcohol. Now this glycerine is of itself a valuable medicine, instead of a deleterious agent like alcohol, especially in the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia and the various forms of indigestion. Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says of it:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. * * * It is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs; especially if there is alleviation or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach), it is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric acidity. It is useful in chronic intestinal dyspepsia, especially the flatulent variety, and in certain forms of chronic constipation, stimulating the secretory and excretory functions of the intestinal glands."

When combined, in just the right proportions, with Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Queen's root, Bloodroot and Mandrake root, or the extracts of these, as in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, there can be no doubt of its great efficacy in the cure of all stomach, liver and intestinal disorders and derangements. These several ingredients have the strongest endorsement in all such cases of such eminent medical leaders as Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, Chicago; Prof. Robert A. Hare, M. D., of Medical Department, University of Pa.; Prof. Laurence Johnson, M. D., Medical Department, University of New York; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D. and Prof. John King, M. D., Authors of the American Dispensatory, and scores of others among the leading medical men of our land.

Who can doubt the curative virtues of a medicine the ingredients of which have such a *professional* endorsement?

Constipation cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One or two a dose.

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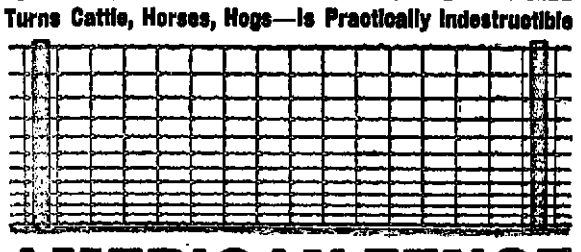
Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—Is Practically Indestructible



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Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not too hard nor too soft.

We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

Also Barb and Smooth Fence Wire, Staples and Nails, Plows, Harrows and Cultivators, Garden Tools, Garden Seeds, Paints, Oils and Varnish.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 19, 1866

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Read what H. W. Rubin has to say about shirts in his ad to-day

—The Lindholm Company has placed a new chestnut sidewalk in front of its store.

—Bradford is suffering from a shortage of water due to the continued drought.

—Dr. Burg Chadwick has had a cement walk laid in front of his block on Main street.

—There are seven uniformed baseball teams in St. Marys. That's a very good record for a small town.

—A new lodge of Order of Eastern Star was instated at Port Allegany on Monday night. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Andorfer, Mrs. Maria Carter and Mrs. Flora Hogarth of this place were in attendance.

—An exchange says the biggest trust on earth is the country newspaper. It trusts everybody, gets cussed for trusting, mistrusted for cussing, and if it busts for trusting, gets cussed for busting. And there you are.

—It is evident that Mr. S. S. Bullis owner of the B., B. & K. R. R. is quite sure that the B. & O. R. R. will standardize the narrow gauge division between Foxburg and Mt. Jewett, in the near future, as he is building a "Y" at the terminal of his road at Mt. Jewett, in order to turn his engines at that point. —Kane Republican.

—Mathan Huntly, the fifth one of the suspected counterfeiters, was brought before Commissioner Stebbins last Thursday and after a hearing was held in the sum of $300 for his appearance at the U. S. Court. The only witness was Warren Baxby, a self-confessed member of the Galeton gang now in jail.—Coudersport Journal.

—The Pennsylvania State Editorial Association started on their tour to Vancouver, B. C., Sunday evening from Suspension Bridge, N. Y., at 8 o'clock. Their train consisted of six Pullman cars, one dining car and two baggage cars. E. S. Gray of the Courier was the only representative from Clearfield county, and R. P. Habgood of the Bradford Star was the representative from McKean county. The trip will require three weeks, ending at Suspension Bridge from where they started.—Du-Bois Courier.

His One Shot.

Colonel Evans in his book on California speaks of "buck fever" as being one of the most violent diseases which ever attacked the human system. It has been the undoing of many an experienced hunter, but in the case cited by Colonel Evans it proved to be the making of a reputation.

A farmer in Illinois named Wheeler had never fired a gun. One winter, however, he heard so much talk about the sport of hunting that his ambition became excited, and, borrowing a gun, he started out. When he came back he brought a magnificent buck, shot by himself a mere in the middle of the forehead. He said little about his achievement, but got the credit of being a crack shot, a reputation which, although he went hunting no more, he held for several years.

Then one day he told his story and lost his name as a sportsman.

He had seen a doe drinking out of a creek at the foot of a bluff about twenty feet high. With wild excitement he got his gun to his shoulder, shut his eyes, set his teeth and pulled the trigger. To his astonishment he saw the doe bound away unhurt, while at the same time a glorious buck pitched headlong from the bluff into the creek stone dead.

The buck had been looking down at the doe, and Wheeler had not seen him at all, but his shaking gun sent its shot on a fatal, although unintended, errand.

Book Bindings.

An officer of the Congressional Library was recently remarking upon the difference of the binding put upon the documents issued by the United States government and those of European countries. "Here, for instance, is a volume issued by the French government upon fish culture," he said. "You will observe that the paper, pressework and illustrations are the finest, while the binding, or cover, rather, is a very cheap paper. A volume somewhat similar is the annual report of the Smithsonian institution in this country, but upon this report is put a good binding of green cloth. The reason for this is simple. Practically every book collector or institution in Europe has its private binding, it being possible to have this work done at a very moderate rate, and the paper covers are intended merely as wrappers until the volume shall have reached its destination. In this country there are a few individuals and some libraries which have their books bound in a private binding, but the cost of such work is so great that it is far from being usual. This is one reason for the fact that the paper and pressework of a French book, for instance, are so much finer than those of an American book of the same price."—Library World.

Eighteenth Century Life.

These brief extracts from the letters of Elizabeth Montagu, the "Queen of the Blue-stockings," throw a curious light on eighteenth century life in England. She was suffering from a scalded lip. Promptly the great Dr. Mead prescribed a blister to her back. She writes: "I am better than I was; but, my mouth not being yet perfectly reduced, I have got a fresh blister upon my back. Well may it bend with such a weight of calamities. I have sent for my bathing cloathes and on Sunday night shall take a souze, I think it a pleasant remedy." Apparently in 1741 a lady could not take a bath even on Sunday night and in the privacy of her chamber without her "bathing cloathes." Mrs. Montagu writes again. "My lip is not entirely reduced, though I have been blistered twice, once blooded, and have five times taken physic, have lived upon chicken and white meats and drank nothing but water. I have suffered great disappointment about the warm bath which I am advised to try, for the bathing tubs are so out of order that we have not yet been able to make them hold water."

Jewelers Protect Patrons.

"The general public is not aware of the carefully worked out system by which the large jewelry houses continue to protect their splendid wares long after these have been sold and passed out of their hands," said a detective, discussing daring modern burglaries. "Most large establishments dealing in precious metals and gems have a carefully organized and very efficient detective system, which makes it easy for a patron to recover stolen goods without charge and with little or no delay in the institution of the search. In the safes of these large jewel houses are minute descriptions of every piece of valuable jewelry which goes out from the establishment. Each piece is numbered too. When the gems are missed the patron telephones the shop in which the articles were purchased. At once a special detective, thoroughly acquainted with the business in hand and armed with a detailed description of the jewelry, is hurried to the scene of action. This is without expense to the client."—New York Press.

A Wonderful Grasshopper.

The humor of some writers and often absurd illusions perpetrated by translators is without limit. The first man to translate Cooper's novel "The Spy" into French made numerous errors, among which are these: When the train of events came to the word "Locusts," which was the name of the Wharton's retainer in the story, he turned to his dictionary and found the rendering of the word to be "Les Sauterelles" (the grasshoppers). He was a trifle puzzled later when he came to the passage in which a character was represented as tying his horse to one of the locusts on the lawn. He had never seen an American lawn, but, taking it for granted that the grasshoppers of this country must be of tremendous size, he solemnly informed his readers that the trooper fastened his horse by the bridle to a grasshopper which was standing near the door of the house.

The Last Prize Fight.

Prize fighting, as distinguished from the glove contests of today, has long been banned by law, though it once had aristocratic support. Fights took place to a finish in a roped ring twenty-four feet square pitched on turf in the open. The men stripped to the waist, using bare knuckles, and wrestling was allowed. The last fight for the championship of the world under these London prize ring rules was when John L. Sullivan beat Jake Kilrain in seventy-five rounds July 8, 1889, outside New Orleans, the stakes being $10,000 a side, a side bet of $1,000 a side and the championship belt.—London Answers.

Franklin's Kite Experiment.

Commenting on Benjamin Franklin's kite experiment, which proved that lightning and electricity are the same, a scientist says: "It was one of the most brilliant examples of luck yet recorded. To attempt the extraction of lightning flashes from a lowering sky was almost suicidal. Even at this late day timid persons occasionally fly to feather beds, sit on glass legged chairs or find refuge in rubber boots during thunderstorms. A repetition of Franklin's experiment cost his immediate imitator his life."

Making Sparrows White.

The Japanese are ruthless in their tampering with nature. If they decide that they want a bird or an animal of a certain shape or color they set about manufacturing the article, so to speak, by the exercise of exceedingly clever ingenuity and untiring patience. Here, for example, is how the white sparrows are produced: They select a pair of grayish birds and keep them in a white cage in a white room, where they are attended by a person dressed in white. The mental effect on a series of generations of birds results in completely white birds. They breed the domestic cock with enormously long tails after the same principle. They first select a bird with a good tail, giving him a very high perch to stand on; then with weights they draw the tail downward, carrying on the same system with the finest specimens of his descendants till a tail almost as long as a peacock's is produced at last.

Yearly Picture Taking.

Some families make it a custom to visit the photographer's yearly, all going together to sit for portraits singly or in groups. It is a good custom, but has to be strictly observed or it may begin to be honored in the breach. One family permits no postponement of the yearly trip to the photo gallery. A day is set, and every one must go. There are no penalties for nonattendance at this family reunion before the camera, because there are no infringements of the rule. The custom began with this family many years ago, when the first baby came to it. Today it has a complete photographic record of family life for almost a generation. Some of the children are married and are now photographed with their own children, while death has made vacancies in the later photographs.—New York Times.

The Price.

Whenever I have heard people railing at the [illegible] of some of the California millionaires, says an English writer, I have always replied that to earn fourteen millionaires in the early history of California who had not earned his fortune by the risks he had had the courage to face. I remembered an old Irishman named Bill Dunphy bringing home to my mind what these pioneers had encountered when he told me how he and a companion had fared in a journey across the continent. The companion injured his leg. Dunphy had to cut it off with an ax and then, going forward through the dark untraced woods to search for the trail and for food, had to leave his friend behind by the side of a stream and with a single tin of biscuits to keep him up till his friend's return. Then I saw what the pioneers of 1849 had faced, and I felt that they merited such rewards, however great, as fortune had afterward bestowed upon them.

Linen Makes Rice Paper.

The rice plant contributes nothing toward the manufacture of rice cigarette papers but the name. Rice paper as bought by the cigarette merchants of Egypt and Turkey is made from only perfectly new trimmings of linen and mostly comes from English and French mills in Constantinople, Fumen and France. The celebrated Chinese rice paper is made from thin slices of the pith from the canes of a tree about five feet high. A sharp knife pares the pith into cylinders of uniform thickness, which are than unrolled and pressed out into so called rice paper. By the way, Egyptian cigarettes contain no Egyptian tobacco, for since 1890 the cultivation of the tobacco plant has been prohibited. It is for workmanship and the curing of the leaf that the Cairenes are so justly celebrated, but the tobacco they import comes entirely from Turkey.

Freaks of Language.

While a delegation is a bunch of delegates, an amputation is not a collection of amputates or a precipitation a number of precipitates.

A clothesline is a rope to hang clothes on, but hanging checks on a checkline would be both risky and eccentric.

Horse cars are so called because they are drawn by horses, yet no amount of horse hauling could make the ordinary radish a horseradish.

Though an ice chest is undeniably a chest for the retention of ice, no one would think of storing hair in a hair trunk or zinc in a zinc one.

While life insurance provides an indemnity against the going out of one's life, fire insurance does not provide against one's fires going out.

Money paid to a ferryman is ferriage, but money paid to a cabman is not cabbage.—Chicago News.

A Quaint Oath.

The judicial oath in the Isle of Man is so quaint as to deserve printing. It runs thus: "By this book and the holy contents thereof and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle justly between our sovereign lord the king and his subjects within this isle, betwixt party and party, as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish."

On the Slopes of Vesuvius.

Despite the danger to which they are exposed from 80,000 to 100,000 people live upon the slopes of Vesuvius, besides the 500,000 inhabitants crowded into Naples. The reason is that the fertility of the soil is perennial, the peril only occasional. The volcanic ejecta are rich in alumina, silica, magnesia, lime, potash and iron, which by their decomposition go to make splendid land. Some of the best vines in Italy grow on the skirts of Vesuvius. If the volcano were away not one-tenth of the many cultivators could subsist in the same area.

An International Difference.

In France.—The Girl's Father—And now, having settled the financial matters to our mutual satisfaction, I will speak to my daughter, and you may present yourself to her in the character of fiance.

The Suitor—Monsieur is graciousness itself.

In America.—The Girl—Papa, Harold and I are engaged and will be married.

The Girl's Father—Well, I suppose it's all right. Does he look like anybody I know?—Judge.

Adaptation.

To wade in marshes and sea margins is the destiny of certain birds, and they are so accurately made for this that they are imprisoned in those places. Each animal out of its habitat would starve. A soldier, a locksmith, a bank clerk and a dancer could not exchange functions. And thus we are victims of adaptation.—Emerson.

Keeping a Secret.

Banquo—I say, old man, can you keep a secret? Well, Snigg'ns told me in confidence that— Elmore—Hold on! Can you keep a secret? Banquo—I? Why, yes; certainly. Elmore—Then you'd better do so.

Pretty Thin.

Landlady—How did you find your bed? Lodger—Well, I don't think that the mattress will ever need to be operated on for the removal of superfluous hair.—New York Press.

Sorrow has not been given to us for sorrow's sake, but as a lesson which we are to learn somewhat, which once learned it ceases to be sorrow.—Carlyle.

A Puzzler.

Johnnie—Pa, equine is a horse, isn't it? Father—Yes. Johnnie—And cow is a kind of an ox, isn't it? Father—Yes, a sort of an ox. Johnnie—Then what is an equinox?—Philadelphia Record.

Patience is a coin destined to be rich those who give it away.

Nature's Great Invention

On de banks ob de Amazon, far away, far away,
Whar Dr. Green gits August Flowers to dig day;
All picked dose flowers in August in ole Brazil,
An' nidder I'se a Yankee, ah hopes to be dar still.

¶August Flower is the only medicine (free from alcoholic stimulants) that has been successful in keeping the entire thirty-two feet of digestive apparatus in a normal condition, and assisting nature's processes of digestion, separation and absorption—for building and re-building—by preventing ALL irregular or unnatural causes which interrupt healthy and perfect natural processes and result in intestinal indigestion, catarrhal affections (causing appendicitis—stoppage of the gall duct), fermentation of unhealthy foods, nervous dyspepsia, headache, constipation and other complaints, such as colic, biliousness, jaundice, etc. ¶August Flower is nature's intended regulator. Two sizes, 25c, 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

Choosing a Plumber

is a more serious business always. And the man is in luck who wins the girl who not only appreciates bric-a-brac but also the value of good

PLUMBING

The up-to-date plumbing of to day entirely in sight where possible and always sanitary in pipes, traps, etc., is within reach when you leave it to an expert plumber such as you'll find at your service at our address. ¶ Estimates on new and old work.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport,

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Cameron County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS—$1.00 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 26, 1906.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For Governor,
EDWIN E. STUART
of Philadelphia

For Lieut. Governor,
ROBT. S. MURPHY
of Cambria county.

For Auditor General,
ROBERT K. YOUNG,

For Sec'y Internal Affairs,
HENRY HOUCK,
of Lebanon.

21st DISTRICT.
For Congress
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Cameron county.

COUNTY.

For Members of Assembly,
JAS. A. McKEAN
of Smethport.
C. V. MERRICK,
of Bradford.

For Jury Commissioner,
A. M. MARSH,
of Bradford.

THE President very properly congratulates Secretary Shaw on his success in placing the Panama Canal loan, but he doesn't have a word of sympathy for the many bankers who tried to get in on the ground floor and found there was none.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE is said to be starving to death splendid hog in Zion City. Possibly says that the old man is in a desperate straits and that if it were not for [illegible] who have stood by him all the time and generously as would back the [illegible] of life.

SAYS Dr. Shadow to Mr. Emery: "I notice much interest in the Standard Oil Company's methods of late, and wish to ascertain whether or not I have been a stockholder in that concern. I have never, as now recollect, had a succession of [illegible] and sell them out to the Standard at [illegible] their value and fight [illegible] when they refuse to buy another."

THE Czar must be on the verge of lunacy. No one man ruler can fight his own people successfully when they are everlastingly right and he is as thoroughly wrong. He will be in luck if he saves his own face. He cannot depend on an army when the nation refuses to support it, and will not pay taxes. Such a conflict is hopeless for the monarch.

THE Democratic press in this congressional district, are already agitating the fusion idea, and are urging Lincoln-Republicans to join them in an endeavor to elect a Democratic congressman from this district. This is a subject which should have the careful consideration of all Republican, who desire to see a majority in the next house of representatives at Washington.—Kane Republican.

THE council of the Legion of Honor in Paris has rejected the government's recommendation that Sarah Bernhardt be decorated with the insignia of the order. It has accepted unanimously the recommendation that Major Dreyfus be decorated. It is understood that the government will persist in its recommendation of Mme. Bernhardt on the ground that the refusal was not announced officially.

SAN FRANCISCO contractors are crying for men. The emergency has developed a demand for labor that must be met if rapid construction is to go on. The tremendous enterprises under way before the fire had practically drained the market of certain classes of labor, and the need has been vastly increased by the necessity for rebuilding a great city. Westerners have a way of solving hard problems, and no doubt this one will be met.—Bradford Era.

HOSTS are coming thick and fast to Cameron county, the Republican party of this congressional and judicial district, having conceded the nomination in both districts to Little Cameron. At DeBois last Thursday, our worthy citizen, Chas. F. Barclay was accorded the nomination on 10th ballot. While our citizens are deeply indebted to the honorable gentlemen who recognized the eminent fitness of our candidate, all feel that the compliment thus bestowed upon Cameron county should be accepted by our people, of all parties, in its true light. Cameron county has never before been accorded a district nomination at the hands of the majority party, therefore let Mr. Barclay receive the solid vote of our citizens, regardless of party. Our candidate is very popular throughout this district and was selected on account of his nomination being satisfactory to the entire party. Our candidate is free from all entanglements, is no man's man, but the representative of the people. Mr. Barclay's election will follow by an immense majority. Little Cameron will be practically unanimous for Capt. C. F. Barclay for Congress, as well as Judge Green for president judge, party lines being obliterated. Little Cameron is on the map, sure pop.—Cameron Press.

RUSSEL SAGE, multi-millionaire and nestor of American financiers, died suddenly at his home, Cedarcroft, Lawrence, L. I., Sunday, the cause of his death was heart failure resulting from a complication of ailments due to old age. He was born on August 4, 1816, in Verona, Oneida county, N. Y., where his parents, Elisha and Penilence Sage, members of a little company of pioneers from Connecticut, had halted while on their westward march in quest of a homestead. At the age of 12 years Russell began his career as an errand boy in the store of his brother, Henry, in Troy. At the age of 22 he established a wholesale grocery of his own in that place. In 1857 the young merchant had acquired a fortune estimated at almost half a million dollars. Only once, it is said, did Sage experience a tremendous reverse. This was in 1884, when the great failures of Grant & Ward was announced, resulting in a loss to Mr. Sage of about $6,000,000. His operations necessitated the possession of a vast amount of ready capital and Mr. Sage always kept his resources so well in hand that in any emergency he was able to command almost unlimited funds. At the time of his death he was an officer and director in 25 great railway and telegraph corporations.

FIRST DEFIED ENGLAND.

Interesting Historic Document Shows Norfolk, Virginia, Citizens Were Ahead of Philadelphia.

The coming Jamestown Exposition brings to mind many historic facts long since forgotten.

While loath to leave the British Empire the patriots of Norfolk, Va., were the first to resent the aggression of the Stamp Stamp Act which led to the American Revolution. Under the name of "The Sons of Liberty" they assembled in Norfolk on March 13th, and in bold and determined phrases announced their intention of resisting any further aggression on the part of the English Parliament. This was two months before the promulgation of the celebrated Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence and nearly five before the thirteen colonies assembled in Philadelphia to forever cast off the authority of the British Crown and start the country on a career of prosperity and splendor which will be celebrated at the Jamestown Exposition to be held at Hampton Roads near Norfolk in 1907.

The Norfolk people did not declare for independence but expressly affirmed that they wish to be subjects of King George III. They merely stated their determination that they should not be taxed without representation.

The resolutions read as follows: "Having taken into consideration the evident tendency of that oppressive and unconstitutional Act of Parliament commonly called the Stamp Act, and being desirous that our sentiments should be known to posterity and recollecting that we are a part of the colony who first in General Assembly openly expressed their detestation to the said act which is pregnant with ruin and productive of the most pernicious consequences and, unwilling to rivet the shackles of slavery and oppression on ourselves and millions yet unborn, have unanimously come to the following resolutions:

1. "Resolved, That we acknowledge our Lord and Sovereign, King George the Third, to be our rightful and lawful king and that we will, at all times, to the utmost of our power and ability support and defend his most sacred Person, Crown and Dignity; and shall always be ready, when constitutionally called upon, to assist his Majesty, with our lives and fortunes; and to defend his just rights and prerogatives.

2. "Resolved, That we will by all lawful ways and means which Divine Providence has put into our hands, defend ourselves in the full enjoyment of, and preserve inviolate to posterity, those inestimable privileges of all freeborn British subjects, of being taxed only by representatives of their own choosing; and of being tried by none but a jury of their peers. And that if we quietly submit to the execution of the said Stamp Act all our claims to Civil Liberty will be lost, and we and our subjects in America are deprived of the invaluable privileges aforementioned.

3. "Resolved, That a committee be appointed who shall in such manner as they think proper, go upon necessary business and make public the above resolutions, and that they correspond as they shall see occasion with the Associated Sons of and friends to, Liberty in the other British Colonies of America."

As a result of the adoption of the resolutions Lord Dunmore, the British Colonial Governor, made a demonstration before Norfolk and several shots were fired into the city from the frigate Liverpool. As a result of this and other outrages the Norfolk people were ready to throw off all authority and join with the other colonies when the Philadelphia Declaration of Independence was promulgated.

For Sale.

A desirable business place. Situated at Crosby on the Christian Hollow road near P. R. R. station. Plumbed with both water and gas up stairs and in the store room. Containing counters, shelving, money drawers, paper rack, show cases and scales. Complete for business. Total valuation $700, will sell for $600. On account of going back to farm.

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR.

Subscribe for the Miner.

DUEBER HAMPDEN WATCHES

MADE AT THE GREAT WATCH WORKS AT CANTON, OHIO.

The dealer who dosen't have DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCHES may tell you they are not the best. He wants to sell what he has—it's human nature. Before buying, ask the dealer who has them.

M. L. ARMSTRONG
AND
M. E. KERR

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - $80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
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DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets an Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler.
Smethport, Pa

SEE THE GROWTH OF THE

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.

NUMBER WRITTEN TO		GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1904	650	$ 4,188.24
January 1, 1905	9,458	11,808.70
April 1, 1905	13,217	49,253.68
July 1, 1905	17,491	87,300.99
August 1, 1905	19,013	100,307.60
September 1, 1905	20,530	118,546.91
October 1, 1905	21,930	138,660.15
November 1, 1905	23,561	158,273.80
December 1, 1905	25,423	182,853.90
January 1, 1906	27,255	222,918.83

Claims Paid to Date, $36,343.00.

IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from $125 to $1,000.
IT PAYS from $5 to $20 per week to Disabled Members.
IT PAYS at Death from $100 to $800, no matter how soon it occurs.
IT PAYS for loss of an eye, arm or leg, from $50 to $400.
IT PAYS for the loss of two members twice the above amount.
IT PAYS you if you live; it pays you if you are sick.
IT PAYS you if you are hurt; it pays the beneficiary if you die.

OUR PLAN:

THE ASSOCIATION ISSUES FOUR CERTIFICATES, NAMELY:

	COST PER MONTH	WEEKLY BENEFIT	PAYMENT AT DEATH	DOUBLE ACCIDENT	SINGLE ACCIDENT	DIVIDEND END 5 YRS.
No. 1	$1.00	$ 5.00	$100.00	$100.00	$ 50.00	$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
No. 3	3.00	15.00	300.00	300.00	150.00	375.00
No. 4	4.00	20.00	400.00	400.00	200.00	500.00

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Pennsylvania Railroad
LOW RATE EXCURSION
$2.25 from SMETHPORT to
Buffalo and Niagara Falls
TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1906.

Tickets good going only on train leaving 9:18 a. m. Good returning on all regular trains July 31 and August 1. Baggage will not be checked on these tickets. Tickets will not be accepted for passage in Pullman Parlor or Sleeping Cars.

CHILDREN BETWEEN FIVE AND TWELVE YEARS HALF PRICE.

W. W ATTERBURY, Gen'l, Manager
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Agent.
GEO. W. BOYD, General Pass. Agent

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
$10.00 from SMETHPORT to
Atlantic City, Cape May, Wildwood
Sea Isle City or Ocean City, N. J.
August 1, 15 and 24, 1906

Tickets good going on all regular trains on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER OF TEN DAYS AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent or on return trip, without deposit, within limit.

TICKETS GOOD TO RETURN WITHIN FIFTEEN DAYS.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l. Pass. Agent

Westbrook Commercial Academy
A PROGRESSIVE, RELIABLE SCHOOL.

ITS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR will open in September. Prospective students should arrange in advance for the attendance is limited. Special combined course scholarships issued thro June and July. Send for catalogue and list of graduates who have secured positions within the past year. E. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

H. S. & M. Clothing

Young's Hats

Shirts Shirts Shirts
50C 50C 50C

The Finest Line of SHIRTS With or Without Collars.

50C EACH

SEE WINDOW

Nettleton Shoes and Oxfords

Merchant Tailoring

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

PRE-INVENTORY SALE. . . . .

On and after this date until further notice I will sell all goods in my store at a discount of 10 per cent to reduce stock; flour, sugar and butter excepted.

My stock of merchandise is complete in every particular, and this is a rare opportunity for cash buyers.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

June 25, 1906.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR
GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
WE CAN SUPPLY THEM

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY PROPOUNDED

MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

NOTICE.

All roads lead to Smethport for the Firemen's Convention August 1, 2 and 3, and you must not forget that we are located in the centre of the town with a complete line of

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings,

and a new, up-to-date, stylish line of

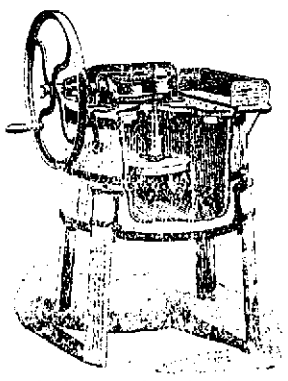
Ladies', Gents' and Children's Shoes

in connection with our Dry Goods lines.

CALL AND SEE US WHILE IN THE TOWN.

The Lindholm Co.

THE DREAD OF BLUE MONDAY MADE EASY WITH THE Boss Washer



The most perfect medium priced Washing Machine on market. Dasher reverses automatically turning the clothes back and forth through the suds, cleaning them without rubbing them to pieces. We will let one go on trial to responsible parties and if it will not do all we claim we will take it back. If it suits it will cost you only **$6.50**

WHEN YOU THINK OF HARDWARE THINK OF

REDFIELD,

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 19, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Don't neglect to decorate.

—Ellen, the infant daughter of Mr. and Thos. Jarrett, is quite ill.

—Make old Smethport look its best for the Firemen's Convention.

—Mrs. M. D. Shooke of Bank street has been confined to the house by illness this week.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman advertises a special sale to-day that will be of interest to the ladies.

—Mrs. M. M. Gillette entertained the Euchre Club at the Wright House yesterday afternoon.

—Visitors in Smethport during the firemen's convention should read the Lindholm Co.'s advertisement.

—Edinboro students are incited to love learning and to plan for a life work. Catalog free. John F. Bigler, prin.

—St. Elizabeth's Aid Society will hold a cooked food sale at the store of Hagberg & Sherburne on Saturday next at 2 p. m.

—It is rumored that the Roulette Window Glass factory is about to be absorbed by the American Window Glass Company.

—Smethport is commencing to put on gala attire for the Firemen's Convention and it will look better every day for a week.

—Eugene Dailey and Fred O'Hern, vagrants, were brought over from Bradford last Saturday by Constable Spreter and lodged in jail to serve sixty days.

—Eleven Lady Maccabees from Eldred drove to Smethport last Wednesday and spent the day the guests of Mrs. L. Sloan.

—At Oil City last week Honest Dan, owned by R. W. Hilton of this place, took third money in the 2:20 pace. He finished sixth in the 2:18 pace at Titusville yesterday.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Service and Sunday school at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—Sunday morning Rev. W. A. Harris will preach on the topic, "A Divine Drama," and in the evening the theme will be, "A Week at Chautauqua," and the Chautauqua vesper service will be used.

—This week and during the firemen's convention visitors to Smethport will find an additional feature of interest in a clothing sale, at remarkably low prices, as advertised on this page by Wm. Monheimer.

—Johnsonburg will send a creditable representation to the firemen's convention to be held at Smethport on Aug. 1-3. The firemen from this place are expected to turn out in force and will be accompanied by the military band.—Breeze.

—John O'Brien and Amelia Barron, each charged with assault and battery, was given a hearing before Alderman Foley on Friday and were held for court in the sum of $300 bail each. The man succeeded in getting the required bond.—Bradford Record.

—Miss Josephine Monroe, who has been the efficient and obliging chief operator at the local office of the Bell Telephone Company, has resigned and accepted the position as chief operator at Hornell. This is a more lucrative position and a deserving promotion, and the many friends of the young lady will wish her success in her new home. Miss Sylvia Lawrence of Mt. Jewett is the new chief operator at the local office.

—Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan of Main street for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Lulu, to Mr. Hurtey Everett Lynn of Buffalo. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. J. H. McCandless at St. Luke's church on Tuesday evening, August 7, at 7:30 p. m.

—Perhaps the most remarkable document ever presented for rebate in this State as a will is that of Mrs. Sarah Plath of Allentown, which the heirs withdrew from probate because the expenses were more than they cared to pay. The document was in the shape of a letter and read as follows: "Kate is to have $50 and Liza the table and six chairs."

—J. J. Alexander, who has been the station agent at the local station for the P., S. & N. R. R. for the past three or four years, will leave next Monday to fill a like capacity at Canerseraga, N. Y., and O. H. Cain, the agent at Canerseraga will succeed him here. Mr. Alexander has made many friends who will hate to see him leave, but wish him success and happiness.

—A crowd of 3,000 persons saw the New York Giants play baseball with the Bradford Interstate league team at Bradford last Sunday. The score was 11 to 1 in favor of the Giants and but two scattered hits were all the Bradford team were able to locate, while the Giants hit at will. Outside of getting a chance to see the world's champions the "features of the day" were few.

—At a meeting of the fire department held in the parlors of the West Side hose company last evening, it was decided to accept the invitation of the Smethport Hose Company to attend the convention which will be held Aug. 1, 2, 3. The department also decided to take a hand with them and a committee was appointed to raise the necessary funds for the purpose.—Kane Republican.

—Through some unknown manner the report was circulated around town last week that the firemen's convention had been declared off. The report was unfounded and to relieve all anxiety the MINER will state that the convention will occur and judging from reports received from surrounding towns there will be many fire laddies and their friends here to celebrate. Remember the dates, August 1, 2 and 3, and prepare accordingly.

—Eichberger and Servatius of the Kane baseball team, arrived home yesterday. No one seems to know why they are home. The men themselves claim they do not know why they have been sent home. It looks to a man up a tree as though they had been benched for the time being. Since the foregoing was put in type we have learned from good authority that both men have been benched for indifferent ball playing for an indefinite period.—Kane Republican.

Acid Kills Fish.

In the Cowanesque river below town and near the Champlain bridge there are hundreds of dead fish, killed by the poisonous refuse from tanneries and acid factories along the stream. The laws of the State of Pennsylvania are supposed to prevent this outrage, and in several cases suits have been instituted against corporations, but with no apparent effect and this menace to all kinds of fish still continues. Not only is it detrimental to the inhabitants of the stream, but to human beings as well as the decayed remains which are left in the bed of the creek gives off an odor and stench which is an excellent typhoid breeder, especially in cases where the water is used for washing purposes, etc. It seems as though there ought to be some medium by which this crime could be overcome.—Westfield Free Press.

Notice to the Ladies.

Members of the Executive Committee desire to meet the lady friends of Smethport Hose at the Hose House Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The problem of furnishing a luncheon to the visiting delegates at the close of the delegates' meeting Wednesday evening is too difficult for Smethport Hose to cope with unassisted by the ladies and once more we appeal to our loyal lady friends for help. The undertaking is no small one as upwards of 175 plates will be laid, and it is earnestly hoped that every one of the ladies will come to the meeting and be prepared with suggestions so that this will be the best feature of our program next week. We know what the result will be if we can get you interested. Please do not fail to come to this meeting.

By Order of Committee.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 21, 1906:

Mrs. E. J. Klingensmith, B. M. Osborne Mrs. Laura E. Smith, Samuel Smith. Foreign—Francesco di Giuseppie Defrazio.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Wanted, at Palmer's Livery.

Competent barn man, accustomed to livery work. No "boozer" or cigarette fiend need apply. A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosophate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. JONES, Smethport, Pa.

Personal Mention.

Dr. W. P. Burdick of Mt. Jewett was in town Sunday.

Mrs. W. O. Herzog was a visitor in Bradford Monday.

Mrs. Owen Malone has returned from a brief stay in Olean.

Dr. H. L. McCoy had business in Mt. Jewett Monday evening.

J. M. Hilton and J. C. Backus are in Andover, N. Y., on business.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Love of Rixford were callers in town Monday.

Miss Katherine Cassidy of Ormsby was a visitor in town Monday.

Mrs. Ruby S. Stewart of Philadelphia is visiting Mrs. B. D. Colegrove.

Miss Lucile Hinman is attending the Assembly at Chautauqua, N. Y.

Miss Harriet Fraley, of Buffalo, is visiting friends in town this week.

Miss Ruth Walker returned Monday from a short stay with Kane friends.

Charles Harrmayer of Buffalo was a guest of friends in town over Sunday.

Miss Rose Allen and Miss Estella Tate visited friends in Mt. Jewett this week.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris are spending the week at the Chautauqua Assembly.

Misses Maude Richardson and Olive Johnson are visiting friends in Kane and Mt. Jewett.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Geary and children were visiting relatives in Allegany, N. Y., on Sunday.

Miss Stella Tate, who has been teaching school in Porto Rico, is the guest of Smethport friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thamm of Bradford are spending the week with friends and relatives in town.

Miss Irene Tretton of Wellsville, N. Y., is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tretton.

Mr. and Mrs. Waltman and two daughters, of Pittsburg, are visiting Mrs. James A. McKean.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett were guests at the home of Mrs. J. W. Brennan on Sunday.

Misses Bessie Ottoson, Emma Hendstrom and Olga Durke are spending a week in Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Mrs. A. W. Colegrove and daughter, Miss Ellanorah, are the guests of Mrs. Colegrove's sister in Chipmunk, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnson and children left last Friday for a visit in Medford, Mount Holly and Downstown, N. J.

Mrs. Harry Weaver and children of Davis, W. Va., are visiting at the home of Mrs. Weaver's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Z. Gifford.

Messrs. Murl and Harold Backus of New York City are spending a short vacation with their mother, Mrs. Mary A. Backus.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Brasted, Mrs. Sheridan Gorton and T. J. Cole formed an automobile party that visited Bradford last Friday.

Homer King and Miss Roxie King were in Bradford Sunday to visit their mother, Mrs. G. W. King, who is a patient at the Bradford hospital.

Misses Edith McGuire, Minnie Smith, Belva Ford, Beulah Hobler and Anna Berg went to Bradford yesterday to attend a house party given By Miss Dewly Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Brasted and B. F. Wright left yesterday in Mr. Brasted's touring car for Ridgway. They will be accompanied home to-morrow by Misses Zela Brasted and Ruth Holmes who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Powell in that place.

N. P. L. Picnic, August 15th.

On account of the National Protective Legion picnic at Riverhurst Park, Wednesday, August 15th, the P., S. & N. R. R. will send tickets from Smethport to Riverhurst Park at the rate of 75cts for the round trip. Children between the ages of five and twelve years half fare. For full particulars inquire of agents or address Jos. T. Odell, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa., or Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

J. M. Barnett, D. O., Graduate Optician, will be at the Commercial Hotel, Smethport, July 27, 28 and 29; Hazelhurst July 30; Kushequa July 31; Mt. Jewett August 1 and 2. Headache, nervous and other troubles relieved. Come and be convinced.

Subscribe for the MINER.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S

IMPROBABLE BUT TRUE

Youths Suits $3.00

Men's Suits $5.00

Men's Sizes 34 to 42 and Youths' Ages 14 to 17.

Absolutely nothing the matter with these Suits and worth every cent that we formerly sold them for $6.50 to $13.50, even up to $15. Plain facts are, that they are not quite as stylish as the kind, at presented effected—by some.

Your choice of Black Clay Worsted, Blue Serges, Fancy Worsteds

At $3.00 and $5.00

WM. MONHEIMER'S

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

AT SPECIAL PRICES

They're the "Buffalo Brand" and taken from our regular stack—not a trashy lot in the lot. These are undermuslins with a reputation for goodness. They satisfy. The trimmings are in lace and embroidery just as your fancy runs. The styles are just as dainty as anyone could wish. We have rather too large a stock—that's the reason for these special prices. Your choice of any piece in window, 81 and 81.25 grades at **78c**

HIGHER PRICED GOODS AT CORRESPONDING REDUCTIONS.

FRY & COMES

Buy your WAGONS from HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Our wagons are made of the very best material and built in our own shop by experienced men, and they will give you excellent satisfaction. Ask to see them.

We also have some bargains in second hand buggies. If you are in the market for either of these we can interest you.

We have a complete stock of Building Material at all times.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

..SPECIAL SAEL..

We have on sale this week at special low prices the balance of our stock of

SHIRT WAISTS SHIRT WAIST SUITS SAPARATE SKIRTS ETC.

Also have a limited number of Ladies Tailored Skirts and Summer Coats left which will be closed out at a great sacrifice. Don't neglect this chance of getting good values for little money.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

FOR **Picnic Lunches**

PICKLES (Bottle or Bulk)

OLIVES (Stuffed or Plain)

GRAPE JUICE

SALAD DRESSING

BAKED BEANS

TRY OUR WAFERS IN PACKAGES

CHEESE SANDWICHES, 10c
SPONGE LADY FINGERS, 10c
FIG NEWTONS, 10c
NABISCO, 10c
SALTINES, 10 and 15c
VANILLA WAFERS, 10c
ZU ZU, 5c
FESTINO, 25c

J. Colegrove, SMETHPORT, PA

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, **35c**

Emperor and Puritan **20c**

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, **30c**

Black Coffee **10, 20, 22, & 35 cents**

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

While the Play Was On

By Virginia Lelia Wentz

Copyright, 1900, by Beatrix Reade

They came in rather late—the first act was well under way. The girl in her soft evening gown swept quietly down the aisle and took the seat indicated by the usher with serene noiselessness. The man with waxed mustaches and flashy diamond studs followed ostentatiously. He sat down, much to the annoyance of the party directly behind, after unduly pompous delay. Ostentation and pomposity were in Mr. Smart's line.

Mechanically the girl drew out her opera glasses from their bag, but she did not use them. Instead, with a little sigh of content, she leaned back against her wrap, a gorgeous thing, ermine lined, belonging to her aunt, which she had been coaxed into wearing. The lights of the house were low, and as she leaned for a second, a billowy mass of chiffon and lace against the ermine, her heavily lashed eyelids half closed, and she smiled faintly.

Ah, it was so good to be faultlessly dressed from the top of her head to the tip of her shoe all at once—just once sure of herself all around! Not as it had always been with her down in dear old Kentucky—a gown achieved just as her hat was going out of fashion, a new wrap when her evening dresses were beginning to look a bit worn, boots a little shabby just as she was able to get fresh gloves and veil. Her eye fell on the billowy blouse of her bodice. How all her life she had loved lace—real, cobwebby lace! And ermine to nestle against—the lordly "feel of the thing!"

Well, now she was in the way to have it all. This month's visit with her aunt in New York had been fecund in results. Dances and dinners, suppers, theater parties, had filled the hurrying days and nights, but still, with her aunt's worldly insistence, she had found time to engage herself to the man beside her. "Capital, my dear!" her aunt had said when she heard the news, kissing her lightly on the cheek. "You see, Alberta, I knew what I was doing when I sent for you to come up from that poverty stricken Kentucky, and you had only to come to conquer. Of course Mr. Smart isn't exactly a paragon of beauty, and he's a bit 'new,' but think of his cool little million, his yacht, his horses, his splendid motor and all that sort of thing. Oh, I'll be proud of you yet, my poor little southern niece!"

"Beastly stupid play!" broke in upon Alberta's reverie, Mr. Smart spoke in a voice a trifle louder than conventional good form allows.

The girl lifted her eyebrows slightly and then nodded her head in indifferent acquiescence. As a matter of fact, she hadn't noticed a single bit of "business" on the boards nor heard a single line. Now, however, she raised her glasses. It gave her right hand some occupation. It had been lying perilously close to his, she observed.

During the second act the man fidgeted more than ever. "Come," he said finally; "don't let's waste any more time on such twiddle twaddle. It's weak tommyrot. We'll run up and order our supper instead."

But a girl with an ermine cloak thrown over the back of her chair was leaning forward, her elbows resting on her knees, her chin in the cup of her two hands. Her eyes were strangely wistful as she watched the players on the stage.

"No," she whispered oddly without turning to Smart; "I like it. Let's stay."

'Twas a simple enough little scene that she watched; a homely enough setting, too—a lane hedged with wild roses and honeysuckle, at one end of which stood a white cottage, shiny in the light of early morning. Just outside, by the hollyhock bushes, was a man fair and strong, looking like a young god in his splendid strength. He was catching up a child playfully and holding it high in the air, as is the way with proud fathers. Then out of the cottage, rosy, smiling, came a girlish figure with her sleeves rolled up and an apron on, to say goodby to her lord before he went to his day's labor. The sire kissed his child and set him down, patting the curly head. Then he drew the woman to him. "Goodby, and God bless you, dear, till I come home tonight," he said in a voice softened with reverence.

There were actual tears in Alberta's eyes. Homely as was the setting, simple as was the scene, it had brought to her a revelation. After all, that was the real sum of life, was it not, dear God—love and a home and a clear, unbartered conscience?

"Well, if you still want to stay, I'm going out for a whisky and soda," Smart laughed unctuously, laying his heavy hand on hers as the curtain dropped on the second act. "You don't seem up to conversation tonight. I might as well have taken your aunt out—old lady's a corker when talk's scarce! If I'm not back by the time the curtain goes up don't get frightened. I'll be here before the bloomin' thing's over."

As he was turning out in the aisle unconsciously even to herself Alberta's eyes swept him from head to foot—shambling physique, obtrusive jewels and all. She shuddered involuntarily, pressing his ring which she wore rather sharply into her flesh.

Oh, if only the orchestra would play that "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn's! She had been trying so hard to shut Robert Harvey out from her life, and this fetched him so vividly before her!

But, if I live with bliss, then we two
On the low earth shall prosper, hand in hand!

Those were the words from Stephen Phillips' "Marpessa" which Harvey had been want to set to that music, saying, "They seem to be made for each other—just like you and I, sweetheart."

How ever in the world had she made herself able to give him up? It was her cursed love of luxury, she told herself, and what would luxury profit her without him? What a fool she had been! But the worst was yet to do. Tomorrow she was to write the letter which was to stab his dear heart like a knife.

—"and an awfully stunning fellow, regular Gibson type, you know. We tried to induce him to join us tonight; but, you see, he lives in Louisville."

Alberta turned her head ever so slightly. The people back of her who had been annoyed at Mr. Smart's inconsiderateness when he first came in were talking.

"And he leaves for the south tomorrow. Fancy arriving in fascinating old New York one day and leaving it the next! Ma says she'll warrant he has a sweetheart in Louisville, for he's dead set on going there immediately. This morning on deck just before we sailed into the harbor"— But "ma," who was from Chicago and full of western enterprise, finished the sentence for herself.

"I came on him unexpectedly, and what d'ye think he was doing? Leaning over the rail and looking at a picture in his watch. 'Ah-ha, Mr. Harvey!' I cried. 'You're caught at last! Will you let me see her picture?' 'In a few moments I'll show you the statue of Liberty instead,' said he, closing his watch softly and unstrapping his field glasses. And, would you believe it, the winning sweetness of his smile took all the sting out of his refusal."

"Why don't you strike for him, Maude, and cut the Louisville girl out?" came a laughing poser. "Or wasn't he looking for a rich wife?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," was the response. "But anyhow he's not rich. Got the information from his chum coming over—the one who's going to take us to the Union League reception tomorrow. He owns some sort of a plantation in Kentucky, however, and people there call him le grand seigneur 'cause he's considered so exclusive. It appears Mr. Harvey in his aristocratic poverty had a horror of the nouveaux riches." She sniffed daintily and giggled.

The lights went down, the orchestra stopped playing, and the curtain went up on the third act.

Presently, having had one glass of whisky and soda too much, Smart came back. He looked at Alberta closely with a look before which she suddenly shrank. She'd seen it focused ere this on many things—his automobile, his diamonds, his horses—but never wholly on herself. That glance of possession shot through her nerves with a sickening humiliation.

"You'll loosen the stone in your ring if you keep turning it round like that," said Smart in a blurred whisper. "An' that sort of diamond ain't stumbled against every day, let me tell you."

At the close of the third act, although there was still the fourth to be played, Alberta turned to her companion.

"We'll go now," she said simply. But as he helped her on with her wrap he wondered at the strange, soft illumination of her face. It was an illumination he had never seen before, an illumination in which he knew instinctively he had no part.

When Smart, having got his hat and coat, joined her in the lobby and was about to call for a cab, one of the girl's hands went out to his ready arm, but the other deftly handed him his ring.

"I've decided you'd better keep it," she said calmly, while, his fingers closing tightly about the jewel, Smart gazed with amazement at her strange smile. "I'll explain to you as we walk along. No; not a cab. I prefer to walk. It isn't far to auntie's." She would not suffer his proximity, however brief, in a carriage.

"Have you gone mad?" he demanded, putting the bauble securely in his wallet. "Of all idiotic nonsense! And, besides, you're not dressed for walking."

"Oh, what does a little thing like that matter?" cried she, with almost a child's fresh joy in her voice. "Nothing matters now but the big things." And, gathering up her skirts, she added, half to herself, with a queer little thrill: "I'm going home tomorrow! I'm going home to Louisville tomorrow!"

Fought the Whole Class.

Many a year ago a "plebe" at the Naval academy astonished an upper class man by going to him and announcing, "See here, I don't like the way my class is being treated." The upper class man was nearly surprised out of his wits, but, recovering from his stupor (and only one who knows the full meaning of "rate" among the midshipmen can have a correct appreciation of what that announcement from a "plebe" to an upper class man carried), the "rating" demanded, "Midshipman, do you want to fight?" "That's what I am looking for." The fight was arranged and the "plebe" whipped his man, says the New York Herald. Then another youngster was supplied, and he went the way of the first, and so on until a half dozen had been discomfited. Sometimes several fights would follow in succession, when the "plebe" would say: "Gentlemen, I am tired now. I'll see you again another day." The academy authorities found out what was in progress and sent for the "plebe," and then, before official authority, he announced, "I can whip the whole class." It turned out that the "plebe" had been a prize fighter before entering the academy

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE BIRTH OF WORDS

A WEALTH OF EXPRESSIONS FROM THE HUMAN BODY.

More Than Four Hundred Words In Our Language Are Related to the Hand Alone and Almost as Many Are Derived From the Head.

The human body—its limbs, fingers, toes, mouth, nose, ears, head and some of the internal organs—has originated hundreds of words. In one of the large dictionaries more than 400 are found related to the hand alone and almost as many to the head.

Index, indicate, predicate, from a Greek word for finger, mean that which points out. So oracle and orator refer to what comes out of the mouth. Audience, audible, auscultation, the auditing of accounts, originally after a "hearing" of the officials, are traceable to the ear. Spirit means the breath and is also found in conspire, "to breathe together;" inspire, "to breathe in," and even in perspire, "to breathe through." Impediment is something against the foot. Ell, the cloth measure, is the length of the forearm. The hair in capillary attraction means the power exerted through the capillary or hairlike tubes.

The heart (cordis) is to be observed in a cordial, or heartening, drink; a cordial, or hearty, manner; the core of an apple. Dents in wood or metal get their name from their resemblance to tooth marks. The tongue sticks out in several words, like language and linguist.

In some countries anybody may rise by his own merits to be somebody, even to the "head" of the nation or of the church; be a head master of a school, head a revolution, take up "arms" and prove to be a capital—that is, a headmost—soldier and the chief (head) of the army.

Corporal punishment is bodily punishment; capital punishment is punishment by decapitation, or taking off the head. A corporal—that is, a corporal—means the same as captain—that is, the head of a body of foot soldiers. A colonel is one who has been crowned. The commander in chief, or head commander, compels the chieftains, or headmen of the enemy, to capitulate—that is, surrender according to an agreement that is divided into capitulas, or little heads, or chapters.

A heady and headstrong ruler sometimes makes people wish he was headless. To make headway against his foes he may have to rush headlong into difficulties or take a header into the unknown sea of politics. Among some peoples one with the big head is likely to lose it. Under some the headship of the ship of state does not make headway against the head winds of events or around the "cape," or headland, just ahead. He may plunge into trouble over head and ears, and his opponents have to put their heads together to head him off, so as to prevent a head-on collision with another nation. Some men hate to be treated as deadheads at political headquarters or as so many head of cattle or as mutton heads or cabbage heads, cabbage itself being from an old Spanish word meaning head.

Some men "play their hand" for all there is in it. Some stretch out the glad hand to every one. Some keep hand in glove with those engaged in underhand proceedings as well as with those who have climbed to high places hand over hand. When the right man says "Hands off!" even his right hand man would not lay hands on what was forbidden. The clock hands tell us if we are beforehand or behindhand.

A handsome man originally was one who used his hands skillfully and so was graceful and probably, therefore, good looking. Although every one carries a palm in his hand, people no longer, with palms in their hands, welcome their heroes. One may have his finger in too many pies and tread on too many toes. One's chirography, manuscript, handwriting—they are all one—may be rather coarse, but his fine hand is detected in many a public document and so arouse opposition to his handling the funds. This might prove a severe handicap, which was originally so called from the jockeys putting their hands into a cap and drawing lots for the places that their horses were to have in the race. Footstool and foot rule sound alike, but in the first foot is the literal, in the second the figurative, use of the word.

Though the politician put his best foot forward he may find his foothold getting insecure and begin wondering what's afoot. His coachman, mounting the footboard, may be insolent; his footman, contemptuous; his chef, or head cook, neglectful. He may be ridiculed before the footlights as a social footpad, living a hand to mouth existence at the expense of the taxpayers. While they are insisting on his toeing the mark and he is hanging to his position by the toe nails, as the saying is, he may well wish he was back on his native foothills.

Were he arrested he might be handcuffed and fetters, or footers, placed upon his feet. He might not even have an opportunity of making mouths or showing his teeth at his enemies. He might in other days be turned over to the headsman, but there would be no newspaper headlines proclaiming that fact. Only a small headstone might tell his fate to the pedestrians, or foot passengers, going by.—New York Tribune.

The Height of Simplicity.

"Awfully simple, isn't he?"

"I should say he was. Why, it's an actual fact that he played poker with a stranger on an ocean liner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

We have no right to say that the universe is governed by natural laws, but only that it is governed according to natural laws.—Carpenter.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE,

ADVERTISING.

One of the Most Marvelous Marvels of This Progressive Age.

Among the many marvels of this marvelous age there is none more striking and none more characteristic than the art of advertising as developed in modern times. We talk much about the wonders of the telephone and the phonograph, about the astonishing expansion of railroads and telegraphy, but here we have an industry as remarkable for its extension and as wide and varied in its applications as anything of man's device in any era of the world's history. When there is brought into consideration the vast amount of money expended in advertising in our day, the novel and ingenious methods employed and the expert skill and artistic talent engaged in the business, one may begin to realize what a wide field has been opened here for some of the highest and most useful forms of human endeavor.

With all its abuses—and they are not a few—it remains true that advertising is one of the greatest of popular educators and one of the chief promoters of human happiness and prosperity, and there are yet many ways in which it may be extended to the still greater benefit of the world. No good reason exists why the churches, the Sunday schools, the missionary societies and other agencies of good should not advertise far more than they do and thus add to the membership and their power in the community. To set their advantages, aims and benefits before the public in a proper way and form would involve no loss of dignity or prestige, while it would almost certainly widen their influence.

The time must come, too, when the absurd code which prohibits physicians and other professional classes from advertising themselves must be abolished. There is nothing but a sentiment to prevent it and a very weak sentiment at that. It should be no more infra dig for a physician or a lawyer to seek patients or clients through the medium of print than it is for teachers, insurance men, real estate dealers or the members of any other honorable trade or calling.—Leslie's Weekly.

IMMORTALITY.

One Theory of the Condition That Comes After Death.

Our life does not begin with birth, nor does it conclude with death. It is only a section of the development of mankind before and after us. We existed before we were born, and we reap what the factors of our being have sown. So our life leaves its after effects, and they will be what we have made them.

The truth is that while there is no immortality in the sense in which most religions hold it if we accept their doctrines in their literal meaning, conditions in life are such in many respects, as if these doctrines were true. For, while our bodily existence is wiped out with all its physiological functions, the essential part of our own being (the thoughts themselves) remain, and thus our immortality—not as a concrete individual and bodily incarnation, but our soul, our character, the impulses which we have given in life to others, our aspirations and most characteristic features—cannot be wiped out.

A man who keeps this thought in his mind, either intuitively by realizing the power and justice of the religious instinct or by having fathomed the problem philosophically to its very depths, will not live for the present moment, but in consideration of the after effects which his life leaves on the world. And I would say that one of the best tests for right action in a critical situation is for a man to ask himself, If I had passed away from this life what would I wish that I had done in this emergency? I am confident that the answer given to this question would help us in the most difficult circumstances to find the right solution. —Dr. Paul Carus, Author of "The Soul of Man," "Chinese Philosophy," etc., in Monist.

Snails and Odors.

A professor in the University of Geneva says that snails perceive the odor of many substances, but only when not far away. In order to prove this it is necessary merely to dip a glass rod in a strongly smelling substance and bring it near the large tentacles of a snail in motion. If it is put close to these horns the tentacles are violently drawn back. As the animal perceives the odor it changes its course. Snails also smell by means of their skin. Contact is not necessary, for the mere vicinity of a perfume causes an indentation of the skin.

A Wise Scheme.

"No matter what opinion is offered, you express a contrary view," said the impatient friend.

"Well," answered Mr. Bliggins, "that's a way I have of acquiring knowledge. A man is more likely to give up all he knows on a subject if you get him to warm up with a little controversial indignation."—Washington Star.

His Influence.

"Do you think a man's influence lasts after he is gone?" asked the philosopher.

"Well, I should say!" cried the young woman. "My husband tied my property up so that I can't ever marry again!"—Detroit Free Press.

Fame.

Fame is the inheritance not of the dead, but of the living. It is we who look back with lofty pride to the great names of antiquity, who drink of that flood of glory as of a river and refresh our wings to it for future flight.—Hazlitt

Evil spreads as necessarily as disease.—Pilot.

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts.
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

FIGHTING FISH.

Peculiar Animals That Are Found Only In Siamese Waters.

A favorite recreation in Siam is watching the fighting fish, a species of fish found in the waters of no other country. The fish cannot live in unity, and if two are placed in a bowl they will instantly engage in a struggle "to the death."

It is an unusual thing to see in the streets of Siam crowds of natives chattering and gesticulating around a bowl containing a number of these fish, which they bet on in the same way as more civilized people do on race horses. Intense excitement reigns among the natives as they watch the fish fighting within the bowl.

These peculiarly quarrelsome fish are very similar to the common pike in appearance with the exception that they are not in the possession of gills. Their fins, too, are remarkably sharp and these they use with terrible effect upon one another. Blood oozes from their sides, and yet they persist in fighting until perhaps only two are left alive, and then the survivors turn on one another until only one is left out of perhaps a dozen placed in the tub.

Although the fighting fish are exceptionally good to eat, the majority of natives esteem them only for their fighting propensities, which afford them amusement and excitement every day.

London's Last Public Hanging.

The grewsome spectacle of a public execution in England is happily a thing of the past. The scaffold used to be erected in the roadway outside the prison, and crowds would assemble to witness the sight, the last time a man was hanged in public being when Michael Barrett suffered the extreme penalty in May, 1868, in Old Bailey, outside Newgate prison, for exploding a cask of gunpowder under the walls of Clerkenwell prison to release the Fenian prisoners Burke and Casey, a mad act that killed several and injured still more.—London Graphic.

Why He Liked It.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have lived in this out of the way place for ten years?"

"That's right, stranger. Just ten years."

"I'm surprised. I can't see what you find here to keep you busy."

"I can't find anything. That's the reason I like it."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—. E Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo Griffiths, Kane; . A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Doyle, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKeun.
Council—James A. McKeun president; Mrs. Lena Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Deming.
Justices—H. L. Ricaby, H. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A Swanson, H. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Rungiville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
H. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 3273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Halll, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
O. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOONEHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S
L. E. BOGART, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 12 m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—I. Heber McCandless, Rector. services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. I. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 4:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Tiny, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2.30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1906

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:10 p m week days.
For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 9:18 a m 2:35, 4:08 p m week days.
For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Larabee 9:18 a m week days.
For Rochester 2:35 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Pas-senger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at
7:35 a m for Bradford via B R & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
11:50 a m for Pittsburg via B R & P
2:35 p m for Bradford and Buffalo via B R & P
5:15 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and DuBois via B R & P

Trains arrive at Smethport at
8:55 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from Buffalo.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
8:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
9:15 p m from Bradford and Kane.

C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 3rd, 1906, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:35 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 2:35 p m and 5:15 p m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:00	12:25	9:01
Mt. Jewett	7:25	10:54	4:30
Kane	8:55	12:00	6:40
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	6:50	1:20	4:35
Kane	6:50	10:30	8:55
Mt. Jewett	8:20	2:55	6:05

Arriving at Smethport at 8:35 a. m., 12:50 p. m. and 8:15 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CANFIELD, Genl. Supt. Bradford.
R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Nov. 30, 1905
MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
	6:25	8:15	Hornellsville	A 9:30	5:50	
	6:30	8:20	Arkport	9:25	5:45	
	f	f	Burns	f	f	
	6:47	8:36	Hornellsville Jc	9:14	5:37	
	6:54	8:42	Canisteo	9:07	5:30	
	6:59	8:48	Garwoods	9:02	5:25	
	7:10	8:59	Greenwood	8:48	5:13	
	7:28	9:17	Birdsall	8:29	4:57	
	7:50	9:39	Angelica	8:05	4:33	
	8:22	10:2	Friendship	7:37	4:05	
	8:54	10:45	Bolivar	7:05	3:33	
5:40		11:30	Olean		2:32	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:38
6:38			Lordco			9:28
7:15			Smethport			9:00
8:00			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50		17:25	St. Marys		A 4:50	10:20
		10:07	Shawmut		2:11	
		A 10:43	Brockwayville		L 1:30	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M A M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
3:30	11:00	7:10	Wayland	A 10:45	3:02	9:58
3:36	11:06	7:25	Perkinsville	10:29	2:50	9:52
3:43	11:14	7:32	Rogersville	10:22	2:43	9:45
3:47	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:45	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:49	Hornellsville Jc	10:06	2:33	6:29
f	f	f	Burns	f	f	f
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:09	Hornellsville	L 9:41	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M			A M	P M P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
f—leave; A—arrive; l—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

B. C. MULHERN, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
JOS. T. O'DELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, April 16, 1906.

Trains leave Port Allegany for Coudersport, Ulysses and intermediate stations at 9:00 a. m. 11:40 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 5:10 p. m. and 7:12 p. m.

Trains leave Coudersport for Port Allegany at 4:10 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 1:50 p. m., 4:15 p. m. and 6:00 p. m.

Trains leave Ulysses for Coudersport and Port Allegany at 7:30 a. m. and 3:45 p. m.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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A Modern Knight and Maiden

By ELLA MAY DUNNELL

Copyright, 1905, by Ruby Douglas

"Mary, are you there?" sounded from the hallway as a broad shouldered, sturdy young fellow strode eagerly toward the kitchen door.

"Of course. Come in," responded a voice cheerily, and Phil entered, taking a bit of the workaday life and bustle in with him.

"What is it, Phil?" the girl asked gently, looking into the young man's troubled eyes.

"I think I must be tired tonight," he answered evasively. He attempted to smile reassuringly. A firm little hand stole comfortably into his.

"Yes, but that isn't all," she persisted.

"Well, Mary, I'm wondering when we are ever going to get married. I've been attempting to master the railroad business, but there is nothing settled as to the future, and mine is an alarmingly small salary." Phil's voice sounded pathetically discouraged. "Perhaps I should have gone into some office and stayed there," he concluded doubtfully.

"No, Phil," protested the girl, "you wouldn't have been satisfied with adding up columns of figures all day or going over rusty papers. There is a place somewhere among the railroad workers where you are going to do your best work, Phil dear."

"I just got an order tonight," Phil responded, "to go and bring down a special from Springdale tomorrow. Each day I wonder what next."

Mary looked up into his face. "Fair-knight-to-be," she chanted gayly, "it may be tomorrow that you'll win your spurs. Go forth to conquer, for your lady's sake."

"Bless your heart, Mary!" he murmured as he caught and kissed her and then left the room.

The engine Phil took possession of at Springdale next morning gleamed and glistened in the sunlight. The young man's eyes grew keen and observing, and his heart beat tumultuously, while his hand rested firmly on the throttle. The rails shone like silver ribbons in the sun, and [illegible] over the track. [illegible] lights [illegible] The beauty of the day—for the day [illegible] and [illegible] would [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] Every other [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] Mary was always to be subconsciousness. At the last station before his home a glimpse of a pale, girlish figure made Mary seem especially near for a moment. The girl had Mary's grace and airiness as she sprang on to a car platform, but even the fleeting vision made Phil sing his joy, and again the train glided out of the station, and in a few minutes it had slowed up, and Phil's trip was ended. Another man would take the train on.

Phil almost patted the throttle as the train came to a stop, and it was with regret that he would give up the engine. "A beauty," he thought, "and guess I'm on time," he smiled.

He saw a visiting railroad official appear at the station door, nodding with apparent satisfaction as he looked at his watch. The man peered curiously into the engine cab, but he suddenly drew back in horror, and others were transfixed by what they saw. Not a man moved or spoke. They seemed helpless before some awful sight.

Phil read his danger in the horrified countenances by the station. He saw the panorama spreading out before him through a veil of smoke, but he felt powerless. The engine was on fire. Something clutched his throat to choke him. He felt a hot breath against his cheek. Red points darted out at him from an indefinite "somewhere." He heard a quick, gurgling tempest of sounds. Was it the wind? he wondered. He thought it was, but he didn't care.

Then something seemed to snap. Perhaps it was the expression on a face he saw in imagination that did it. He whispered, "Mary," and sprang with all his strength for the opening out of the cab. As he leaped from the burning cab, which was an angry, surging, threatening mass, new life came to him. He began to understand. His mind worked rapidly and with precision. As he turned instantaneously toward the coaches back of the engine he saw it all—just what might happen at every second. Two thousand gallons of oil were in a tank at the rear of the cab.

He gathered himself together for the plunge, drew in a long, deep breath, held his head down, with his hat pressed against his face, and returned to the cab. He had gone with hand outstretched for the throttle. He felt thankful that it was not necessary for him to see; he could feel and knew just where to press the throttle most surely. In the moment in which he had discovered the oil tank he had uncoupled the coaches, and when, blinded with smoke and flames, he felt and pressed the throttle the burning thing sprang away and off—perhaps to safety for those in the coaches, 200 souls or more.

The next minute seemed hours. Phil was conscious of just one purpose—to get away from the coaches, for he knew that the tank of oil would explode or burn itself out. He leaned far forward, pressing onward, but the engine seemed to crawl. His breath came hard through clinched teeth; his eyes were set on a spot ahead, but he whispered, "Mary!"

Suddenly the engine shuddered and stopped. Phil's hand was still on the throttle. He scarcely knew that he had stopped the engine. He felt a great, exultant joy, for the coaches were far behind. With great difficulty he flung himself toward the open air. Falling, staggering forward, he felt himself seized by a dozen arms.

Did he dream what followed? A pair of strong young arms were around his neck, and his face was being bathed in something cool and wet. He felt the tense silence and wanted to break it. The one word he heard was "Phil!" which sounded like a caress, a sob and a prayer. Then he opened his eyes—to smile faintly into Mary's dear face bending over him.

"Mary?" he whispered questioningly.

"Yes, dear," she replied. "I came in from the last station on your train, and I intended to skip away quickly, but I wanted to ride with you in the cab just once." Her voice trembled.

Phil turned his face to the wall.

The railroad official looked down on the fair head kindly. "A doctor will be here at once," he assured her, "but I think he is all right anyway." He wished he might comfort the girl.

A half hour later Phil lay on a couch in an inner office. Mary's fingers wandered lovingly through his singed hair. His eyebrows were burned, and he looked pale and worn, but he was rallying rapidly.

"You see, Mary," he said softly, "your face was before me all the time. It was really you who saved the train." As Mary was about to protest the railroad official interrupted, looking at Phil.

"You are the man I've been looking for. I've had my eyes on you for some time, and I've seen now what you can do in an emergency. When I saw you look toward the coaches a few minutes ago, then rush into the flames, I also saw that young woman." The official faltered. "Though she never wavered, she was white, her lips moved, and I know that she prayed for the man in the cab." The man's voice was husky. "And you're the man I want—with a wife," he added, smiling, "to superintend that work in the Redding district. You understand it. Will you take it—to begin with?"

Phil looked at Mary with a question, then responded, "I will—with a wife."

Great Tide Waves.

Those who see the rise and fall of the tides in our Atlantic harbors seldom think of the wonderful career of the moon raised ocean waves which cause the tidal rise and reflux. Such billows not only cross the sea, but flow from ocean to ocean, and in this way complicated movements are set going. Thus once in every twelve hours the moon raises a tide billow in the southern Indian ocean. When this billow passes the Cape of Good Hope at noon its successor is already born, and by the time the first billow has reached the Azores Islands at midnight the second is rounding the cape and a third has come into existence in the southern ocean. By 4 o'clock in the morning following its passage of the cape the tide billow reaches the English channel, and there the shallow water delays it so much that it does not arrive at the strait of Dover until 10 a. m. Here the narrowing channel causes the tide to rise very high and almost puts an end to the wave. In the meantime another branch of the billow runs around the western side of the British Islands, rounds the north point of Scotland and moves slowly down the eastern coast of England until it finally flows up the Thames and laps the wharfs of London.—London Graphic.

Reaping Always.

There is no month in the year in which the song of the reaper is not heard in some land on the globe. In January is the wheat harvest of Australia, New Zealand, Chile and the Argentine Republic; in February and March, upper Egypt and India; in April, lower Egypt, India, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, Mexico and Cuba; in May, Texas, Algeria, central Asia, China, Japan and Morocco; in June, California, Oregon, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Arkansas, Utah, Colorado, Missouri, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal and south of France; in July, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, southern Minnesota, Nebraska, upper Canada, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria-Hungary, south of Russia, Germany, Switzerland and south of England; in August, central and northern Minnesota, the Dakotas, Manitoba, lower Canada, Columbia, Belgium, Netherlands, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland and central Russia; in September and October, Scotland, Sweden, Norway and north of Russia; in November, Peru and South Africa, and in December, Burma and New South Wales.

An Ecclesiastical Hat.

A milliner who works in a large city says that one day a woman came into the store very much excited and wanted the trimming on her new hat changed. She said that it had been trimmed on the wrong side.

"But," said the saleswoman, "the trimming is on the left side. That is where it ought to be."

"It doesn't make any difference whether it ought to be in front or back or right or left, it's got to be on the church side."

"Church side!" gasped the astonished girl.

"Yes, church side! I sit right next the wall in church, and I'm not going to have all that trimming next the wall. I want it on the other side, so the whole congregation can see it."

The trimming was promptly placed on the "church side" of the hat.

OLD ROMAN NAMES.

The Peculiar System That Was in Use by the Nobility.

The noble Romans were peculiar in their system of nomenclature. They had the praenomen, the nomen and the cognomen. The first of these distinguished the individual and was equivalent to our Christian or baptismal name. It was usually indicated by a single letter, as A. for Aulus, or by two letters, as Ap. for Appius, or three, as Ser. for Servius. The nomen was distinctive of the gens or clan and has no corresponding appellative among us. The cognomen was placed last and designated the familiae, precisely answering to our surname. Sometimes a fourth name was added, the agnomen, in consequence of a renowned action, some conspicuous event of life or feature of character. Scipio, in addition to his regular names, was styled Africanus after his conquest of Carthage. The name Germanicus was assumed by those who distinguished themselves in the wars with the Germans.

In female names the Romans indulged but small variety of appellation, and fancy had little or nothing to do with their invention and bestowal. When there was but one daughter in a family she received the feminine termination of her gentile name, as Tullia, the daughter of Marcus Tullius Cicero, and Octavilae, the sister of Octavius Caesar, etc., which names were retained even after marriage. When there were two daughters one was called Major and the other Minor, as Cornelia Major and Cornelia Minor. If there were more than two they were distinguished by their number, thus: Prima, Secunda, Tertia, Quarta, etc.

GREEK COINS.

How the Ancients Tested the Purity of the Metal.

The first coins of gold and silver that have come down to us are now dated as a rule in the time of Croesus, who lived about the middle of the sixth century B. C.

It may readily be imagined that a mere lump of gold, supposed to be of a certain weight, would be subject to skepticism unless it were guaranteed by some recognized authority. So, in order to save reweighing and testing at each transaction, these lumps of coins were stamped with the authoritative mark of a prince or state. So stamped they became the true coins in spite of the fact that, contrary to modern custom, they were not at all regular.

But, in spite of the guarantee that might be afforded by the mark of a state or a prince, we find the Greeks applying certain tests to determine the genuineness of the currency offered to them. Plating was easily detected by jabbing the suspected coin with some sharp instrument. At other times the touchstone was used, this which was known as the "Lydian stone" was supposed to reveal a proportion of foreign metal as small as a barley corn in a stater. Another test, in the case of silver, was to polish the coin and then breathe on it. If the moisture quickly disappeared the metal was pure. Yet another way to detect alloy was to heat the coin or coins on redhot iron. If the metal was unalloyed it remained bright, if mixed with other substances it turned black or red according as it was more or less impure.—Oliver S. Tonks in Chautauquan.

Daffodil and Asphodel.

Daffodil and asphodel—the latter, according to Homer, covered the meadow haunted by the shades of departed heroes—are etymologically the same. Old time Englishmen confused the two plants, which are quite different, and it was reserved for later generations to restore its true spelling to the true asphodel and restrict daffodil, with its mysterious "d," to the flower now known by that name. Formerly it was "affodille," and the "d" is variously explained as being a childish insertion, like the "T" in Ted, from Edward, or as representing the French "fleur d'affrodille" or the English "th' affrodile" (the definite article) or as the final "d" of "and" in such a combination as "fennell and affodill."

Brothers and Sisters.

It has been proved again and again that a boy without a sister is much to be pitied; that a girl without a brother is to be condoled with. And why? Because the mutual society improves both. The boy teaches the girl to be wider minded, less petty and narrow, more manly physically, and, above all, to understand something of the opposite sex. Again, the boy is a hundredfold nicer for having a sister. He confides his little scrapes to her, and she, with her gentle inborn goodness, helps him and advises him to avoid the pitfall again.—London Queen.

Solitude.

Solitude is a matter of taste. It has been the subject of much discussion. Volumes have been written in praise or condemnation of it. But perhaps the real value of solitude has never been so subtly and so accurately expressed as by the girl who was asked if she liked being alone. "That depends," she answered sweetly, "on whom I am alone with."

An Easy Creditor.

The stomach listens to no precepts. It begs and clamors. And yet it is not an obdurate creditor. It is dismissed with a small payment, if only you give it what you owe, and not as much as you can.—Seneca.

Looking Ahead.

Gerald—Will you marry me? Geraldine—Wait awhile. I don't want to get tired of you just yet.—New York Press.

Necessity may render a doubtful act innocent, but it cannot make it praiseworthy.—Joubert.

Mrs. Farwell's Guests

By A. M. Davies Ogden

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Out in the harbor the yacht, lying placidly at anchor, gleamed brilliantly white in the afternoon sunshine. A soft breeze stirred the awnings, deck chairs filled with comfortable cushions could be surmised. Altogether she presented a tantalizing picture to the girl who sat waiting on the long hot dock. No one was in sight, the dock being a little way from the village. Miss Norton sighed wearily. It was partly to escape hilarious to [illegible] that she had accepted the [illegible] and she longed to be out there on the cool, restful waters. She had come down by train, expecting to meet her hostess at the yacht landing, but as yet Mrs. Farwell had not appeared. Could anything have happened?

A quick, firm tread came down the wooden dock, and Miss Norton, a look of incredulity deepening into a startled dismay flashing across her face, shrank involuntarily back. Harris Hemingway, the man of all others whom she wished to avoid! She cast a desperate glance about her, but there was no escape. Hemingway came forward, lifting his hat. Miss Norton hastened to speak.

"They have not yet sent a boat in," she explained unnecessarily. "And the Farwells haven't come."

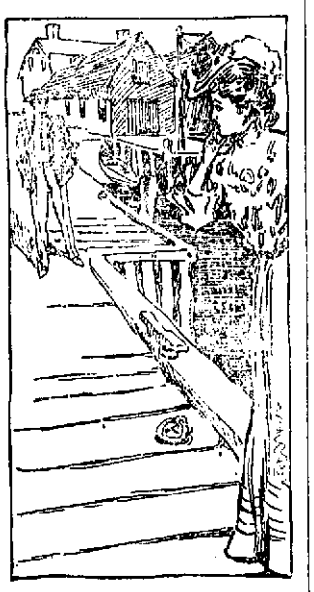
Hemingway consulted his watch.

"They told me to be here at 6," he said. "But I was delayed and missed my train. It's nearly 7 now. And you say they haven't turned up yet?" surprisedly.

"No," answered Miss Norton. "They were coming in their motor, you know. Oh, do you think anything could have happened?" clasping her hands in sudden anxiety. But Hemingway shook his head.

"I suspect they are all right," he responded reassuringly. "They have probably broken down somewhere. The best thing for us to do is to get on board."

"Very well," said the girl reluctantly. Inwardly she was making plans for getting away next morning. She simply could not go off on a three weeks' cruise with this man. What evil fate



HARRIS HEMINGWAY, THE MAN OF ALL OTHERS SHE WISHED TO AVOID.

had conspired to throw them thus together when she had imagined him safely out west?

"You see, I was awfully lucky," he was saying. "Just as I was about off my brother turned up, and we decided the trip was not really obligatory. So I rang up Mrs. Farwell, and she told me that Bob Dickinson had backed out at the last moment and repeated her invitation to me. And so here I am," he repeated joyously. "Wasn't it luck?"

"Great luck," repeated Miss Norton, looking at him with rather curious eyes. She did not understand this new mood of his. In the early part of the winter the two had been great friends, and she had seen much of Hemingway. Latterly, however, he had seemed very busy. The few times they had met he had appeared tired and preoccupied, and unconsciously a vague coolness had grown up between them. Today he seemed more like his old self, and the pain at her heart deepened. Oh, why, why had she come!

He had discovered a small boat, with oars and rowlocks, tied to the end of the dock, and now helped her into it. Perhaps on board there [illegible] be some word from the Farwells. But the captain had been ordered for eight bells. It was now that and after. Should the dinner be served?

"It may be the best way to bring them," suggested Hemingway.

But the soup, the fish, had been eaten, the salad and now the dessert and coffee, and still no word. Miss Norton was becoming seriously worried when the splash of oars announced an arrival. However, the boat contained only one man.

"Telegram for Miss Norton," he called.

Hemingway watched the girl as she tore open the envelope. At her exclamation he started forward.

"Is anything wrong?" he demanded sharply.

"The—the automobile has broken down," answered the girl mechanically. This was worse than anything that had happened yet. "They cannot get here tonight. So they suggest that we try to find some one we know on shore." Her voice was uncertain. The last train was gone. She knew of no one in the neighborhood. Hemingway's face cleared.

"Why, the Mayhews have a place only a few miles from here," he exclaimed triumphantly. "We can easily get a trap at the station and drive out. I know they would be delighted."

"Emily Mayhew," repeated Miss Norton faintly. She go to Emily Mayhew's! That would indeed be a fitting climax for this wretched afternoon. Was it not Emily Mayhew with whom Hemingway had spent the most of his time at the Richardson dance? Was it not with Emily Mayhew that she had seen him in a hansom dashing down town? And had not more than one rumor of Emily Mayhew's engagement to Mr. Hemingway reached her? It would be horrible to go there, she reflected, yet what else could she do? Clearly it was impossible to remain on the yacht without Mrs. Farwell.

It could not be helped. Quietly she took her place in the boat to go ashore. Quietly she stepped into the ramshackle vehicle Hemingway succeeded in procuring. It was a clear, star lit night; the road, winding through English-like lanes, was fragrant with dew dampened flowers. Everything breathed of peace and beauty. Insensibly the girl's perturbation began to still itself.

Then all at once around a sudden corner came a rush of four blazing lights; the warning "honk, honk" of the hurrying monster. The station horse, taken unawares, backed precipitately. There was a bump, a crash.

Alicia, struggling slowly back to consciousness, found herself in Mrs. Farwell's arms. That little lady, seeing the girl's eyes open and realizing that she was safe, burst into tears.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she sobbed. "Wasn't it too awful? There we were speeding along, trying to make the yacht after all—for the breakdown proved not so serious as we feared—and didn't we run into you and nearly kill you? But the doctor says you are all right," she hurried on. "You only struck your head a slight bit. You will be all right tomorrow."

"Where am I?" asked the girl wonderingly. She could see the strange room where she lay. Whose could it be?

"Why, at the Mayhews'," responded Mrs. Farwell. "We had just at once to pick up Emily and Bob, and she insisted that we come back at once. You see, we didn't know whether or not you were badly hurt. So she and Bob"—

"Bob?" queried Alicia, bewildered.

"Bob Hemingway, Harris' brother," explained Mrs. Farwell. "They are engaged, you know, although they have been trying hard to keep it a secret until Bob got home. But you know how easy that is," with a shrug. "And I believe there were some business complications too—matters which bothered both the boys. Anyway, between worry and work and looking after Emily, I know that poor Harry has been really distracted. By the way," casting a keen glance at the girl, "speaking of Harris, he is almost crazy and insists that he must see you. Bring," doubtfully, "do you think that you could stand it?"

"Yes," murmured Alicia in a sweet, breathless little voice, "I think I could."

There was a slight noise at the door. Alicia opened her eyes. Mrs. Farwell was gone; Harris Hemingway, his eyes dark and wide with anxiety, stood there.

"Alicia," he cried, and there was no mistaking the love, eagerness and pain which rang through his voice. All coldness and misunderstanding melted before it like a mist before the sunshine.

With a contented little sigh, Alicia stretched forth both hands.

"Harris," she whispered happily, "why, Harris, dear!"

A Book on a Page.

Some of the feats attributed to ancient masters of calligraphy are almost past belief. Aelian knew an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he inclosed in the rind of a grain of corn. Oxford boasts a portrait of Charles I. which has as the lines of the head and ruff characters setting forth the book of Psalms, the creed and the Lord's Prayer. In the British museum is a portrait of Queen Anne about the size of one's hand. Upon it are what seem at first sight to be certain scratches, but which prove to be a transcript of a book. The "Iliad" of Homer in a nutshell, which Cicero is said by Pliny to have seen, sounds impossible, but it has been shown that the thing is feasible, given the man and that man the patience. A thin sheet of vellum, capable of folding easily, has been found to take 7,500 verses upon one side and the same number on the reverse. There you have the 15,000 verses of the "Iliad," all upon a single slip of vellum. The latter folds up, and readily, and you have your Homer in a nutshell.—St. James' Gazette.

Kept His Nerve.

An English clergyman had a rich parishioner, Lady Blank, who dictated to and hectored him outrageously. At length he declined to put up with this kind of treatment and told her ladyship so. Thereafter she refused to put anything in the offertory, merely making a stately inclination over the plate. This moved an elder to remark in her hearing, "We could do with less of her manners and more of her cash." The clergyman, dining at a lord's table, told this story with great success one evening. The host said with a frown, "Are you aware, sir, that Lady Blank is a relative of mine?" The clergyman smiled slightly. "No," he said, "I wasn't, but in future when I tell the story I'll always be careful to mention the relationship."

PENGUINS FEEDING.

The Change That Takes Place When They Enter the Water.

The appearance of the keeper of the penguins at the zoo, with his pail of live sardines, is the signal for sudden and intense excitement in the pens. The penguins wave their little flippers and waddle to the door, whence they peer eagerly down the wooden steps leading to the pool. The cormorant speaks and sways from side to side, and the darters poise their snaky heads and spread their ballike wings. At the water's edge the penguins do not launch themselves upon the surface like other water fowl, but instantly plunge beneath.

Once below water an astounding change takes place. The slow, unsteady bird is transferred into a swift and brilliant creature, bedded with globules of quicksilver, where the air clings to the close feathers, and flying through the clear and waveless depths with arrowy speed and powers of turning far greater than by any known form of aerial flight. The rapid and steady strokes of the wings are exactly similar to those of the air birds, while the feet float straight out level with the body, unused for propulsion or even as rudders and as little needed in its progress as those of a wild duck when on the wing.

The twists and turns necessary to follow the active little fish are made wholly by the strokes of one wing and the cessation of movement in the other, and the fish are chased, caught and swallowed without the slightest relaxation of speed in a submarine flight which is quite as rapid as that of most birds which take their prey in midair. In less than two minutes some thirty sardines are caught and swallowed below water, the only appearance of the birds on the surface being made by one or two bounds from the depths, when the head and shoulders leap above the surface for a second and then disappear.

Any attempt to remain on the surface leads to ludicrous splashing and confusion, for the submarine bird cannot float. It can only fly below the surface. Immediately the meal is finished both penguins scramble out of the water and shuffle with round backs and drooping wings back to their cage to dry and digest.—London Spectator.

YOUTHFUL WARRIORS.

Pizarro completed the conquest of Peru at thirty-five and died at forty.

Cortez effected the conquest of Mexico and completed his military career before the age of thirty-six.

The great Conde defeated the Spaniards at Rocroi at twenty-two and won all his military fame before the age of twenty-five.

Peter the Great of Russia was proclaimed czar at ten years of age, organized a large army at twenty, won the victory at Embach at thirty, founded St. Petersburg at thirty-one and died at the age of fifty-five.

Napoleon was a major at twenty-four, general of brigade at twenty-five and commander in chief of the army of Italy at twenty-six. He achieved all his victories and was finally overthrown before the age of forty-one.

Frederick the Great ascended the throne at twenty-eight, terminated the first Silesian war at thirty and the second at thirty-three. Ten years later, with a population of but 5,000,000, he triumphed over a league of more than 100,000,000 people.

British Army Red Tape.

A letter of instruction said to have been sent to a British army officer, who reported that Private Blank had lost his greatcoat, runs as follows: "The calculation of the value of a lost greatcoat should be made by deducting the value when worn out from the value when new, as given in article 75, 1865, clothing warrant, dividing the remainder by the number of months the garment should wear, multiplying the quotient by the number of months the garment has actually been worn and subtracting the sum thus obtained from the total value of the new greatcoat. The balance is the amount that should be charged."

A Sort of No Man's Land.

Australia's least known and least developed section is the northern territory. It is a sort of no man's land. Its capital, Palmerston, contains more Chinese than Caucasians and is the only place in greater Britain where the Mongolian is the master and the white man the servant. The climate is very trying to whites, and the aboriginal blacks are of a fierce and sanguinary disposition. Vast herds of buffalo, the descendants of a few experimentally liberated a century ago, roam over the plains, and the place will some day, it is believed, be a sportsman's paradise.

"Will Return Early."

Mr. Rounder (tenderly)—Do you remember, dear, during our courting days how I used to tell you the "old, old story?"

Mrs. Rounder—Yes, and you still tell me the old, old story.

Mr. Rounder (in surprise)—When, dear?

Mrs. Rounder—When you start for the club.—Chicago News.

Modern Existence.

To dress better, live better and occupy better houses that are better furnished forces men to work harder and longer than their predecessors did. The result of this is that the ordinary man is separated from his wife and family almost as much as if he were absent.—Truth.

Want to Know the Reason Why.

Costigue—It's funny that some people are never satisfied to know a thing is so and so, but must ask the why and wherefore. Sappy—Yes. I wonder why it is

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THEIR FIRST RIDE

By T. S. Boyd

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Gilder glanced anxiously at his watch. He had only seven minutes in which to catch his train. The night was dark, and he could scarcely walk five blocks in a driving rain, wait for a car and make connections.

Just then a carriage drove up to the curb and an elderly man of about his build alighted. The chairs were all occupied; it would be fully fifteen minutes before the newcomer could get a share. In that time he could get to the station and the carriage would have time to return.

It was worth the chance. He dashed across the sidewalk, called an order to the driver and jumped in. As the door slammed the horses started up and they were off at a brisk pace before Gilder realized that there was a second occupant in the carriage.

"It did not take you very long," laughed a musical voice.

Gilder sank into the seat with a groan. "I don't know who you think I am," he said apologetically, "but I'm a robber. Don't be afraid. I'm not a regular robber, but one through force of circumstances. I have to catch the 6:48 train, and the only way I could do it was to borrow a carriage without permission."

"My uncle did not give you permission to use the carriage?" demanded the voice. Gilder knew that a girl with a voice like that must necessarily be pretty.

"I didn't ask him," he said calmly. "You see, it would have wasted precious time. I figured that I could get to the station and the carriage could get back before he was shaved. A dollar would have fixed the driver. I suppose now you will have me arrested."

"For trespass, perhaps," she laughed. "On your own confession you did not mean to steal the brougham."

"How was I to know that a man who went in to get shaved would leave a

"THE MAN'S DRIVING DOWNTOWN," HE WAILED.

woman waiting in the carriage for him?"

"When one gets as old as uncle one is apt to feel himself privileged," she laughed.

"He doesn't appreciate his privileges," he said boldly. "Now, if I had a pretty niece"—

"Flattery will not amend your offense," she warned. "How do you know what I look like?"

"By your voice," he explained. "It's a sort of intuition."

"I thought that was a feminine gift," she laughed.

"Not entirely," he insisted. The carriage rattled past an electric light, and he peered into her corner. "You know I am right," he added triumphantly.

"What can I say?" she laughed helplessly. "You are a most embarrassing person."

"Don't say anything," he pleaded. "If you did you would probably tell me to get out."

"In all this rain?" she questioned, with a little shudder. "I shall let you go on to the station in common charity."

"The gods are good," he murmured. "I am only sorry it is such a short ride to the station. I'll be there in a minute." He glanced out of the window and gave a cry.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"The man's driving downtown," he wailed. "I can never make the train now."

"Did you just tell him to drive to the station?" she asked.

"Of course," he said. "There is only one station."

"You forget the Northern," she reminded. "Uncle was taking me there. I live in Union terrace. John supposed that you meant the Northern."

"It served me right," he admitted, glancing at his watch. "I suppose the only thing to do is to drive back to the barber shop and ask his forgiveness."

"He might be getting worried," she suggested.

He lifted the speaking tube and blew through it. When he had given the order for the change of direction he turned to the girl again.

"It's going to be mighty awkward explaining," he said. "Is your uncle inclined to be"—

"Very," she said impressively. "I don't know whether he will cane you or call a policeman."

"Pleasant prospect," he commented.

"You can get out before we get there if you wish," she suggested.

"I usually face the music," he said.

"It's the better way," she said approvingly, "but uncle can play a very lively tune."

"Sort of 'Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight' thing," he suggested with a chuckle.

"Very likely," she assented, "but you will not be long in doubt. Here is the shop."

Gilder threw open the door and darted across the sidewalk. The men in the shop crowded curiously to the door. "The old gentleman has gone to the police station," they explained. "He thought it was an elopement." Gilder went back to the carriage.

"Your uncle thinks we have eloped," he said. "Shall we follow him to the police station?"

"I think you had better take me to the Northern," she said coldly. "Perhaps that will be the quickest way of stopping a scandal."

He gave the order to the coachman and stepped inside. "I am sorry to have to inflict my company on you longer," he said penitently, "but it might be as well if I went along. I will take you to the station and then be driven to the house and explain to him in person."

He sat silent as they sped along to the little suburban station, his forgetfulness of which had caused a part of the situation. The Northern was only a fifty mile line, cutting some of the manufacturing towns, and it had entirely escaped his memory.

It seemed a longer drive than it really was, for the girl was annoyed and he keenly felt his responsibility for the awkward position in which he had placed her. Just as they were driving up to the station the horses were pulled up quickly and a blue coated form shortly appeared at the door.

"I didn't think you would be so foolish as to try to get away," was his remark as a policeman stepped into the carriage. "The captain wants to see you at the house."

"Won't it be sufficient if you take me?" demanded Gilder. "This lady is anxious to reach her home."

"They're anxious to have her there," was the terse comment, "but orders is orders, and I was to bring you both in if I found you."

"I don't suppose that $25 would bring about a forgetfulness of orders?" suggested Gilder.

"It 'ud bring about a broken head," was the wrathful answer.

Gilder remembered that there was a police investigation then on and realized that the policeman feared a trap, so he kept silent until they drew up before the green lights. The policeman proudly led them up to the desk sergeant, who ushered them into the captain's room.

"Your uncle said he would come right down when we phoned," he explained. "I don't like to lock you up."

Gilder had recovered his self possession and by the time the wrathful uncle arrived he had made such good use of his time that his apology had been accepted in full. Then the door flew open with a bang and a choleric old gentleman entered flourishing a cane. Even in his excitement Gilder wondered how the coachman had mistaken him for his master, but the next development drove all such thoughts from his head, for the new arrival paused in his belligerent demonstrations.

"Are you Jimmy Gilder's son?" he demanded.

"So I've been given to understand," he answered wonderingly.

The cane flew across the room, and the old man came toward him with outstretched hands.

"You're the living image of your father when he left college," he cried. "I'd have known you anywhere."

"I wish you had recognized me in front of the barber shop," he laughed, then added brazenly: "No, I don't. Then you would just have helped me to catch my train. I'm glad I stayed."

It was easy work explaining. John Davies now regarded the whole matter as a joke and insisted upon carrying Gilder back to his home.

"I'm sorry the elopement wasn't in earnest," he said late that evening as they smoked in the library.

"I'll do the best I can," was the earnest assurance, and when Gilder finally caught the 6:48 Mabel saw him off, and on her finger glistened a ring that had not been there when they took their first ride together.

Had a Welsh Cough.

There was a crowd watching the fire when one of the bystanders gave a smothered, guttural cough. Immediately the man beside him grabbed his arm.

"You're Welsh," he said eagerly.

The man with the cough looked puzzled. Then his neighbor poured out a volley of Welsh words that ended in English with, "What part of the country did you come from?"

The man with the cough shook his head, and his neighbor became indignant. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, to be a Welshman," he said, "so why not admit it?"

"But I'm not Welsh," said the man with the cough. "I wouldn't know a word of the language if I heard it."

His neighbor was still indignant. "You just said a Welsh word a minute ago," he growled. "You can't fool me. You forgot yourself for a minute."

"I didn't. I only coughed," came in protest, and the man coughed again.

"That's it! That's it!" said the Welshman enthusiastically. "That's the word I heard."

But the coughing individual lost himself in the crowd, muttering something about "fools being allowed to run loose."—New York Press.

Talking.

Wife—You were talking in your sleep again last night, dear. Why do you persist in doing it? Husband—Good gracious, Maria, a man ought to be allowed to talk sometimes, oughtn't he?—Bohemian.

Only In Chemistry.

Tommy—Paw, doesn't precipitation mean the same as settling? Mr. Figg—It does in chemistry, but in business you'll find that most men in settling don't show any precipitation at all.

Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practices and recognizes a better law than he obeys.—Froude.

WOMEN HOTEL CLERKS.

How Those In Europe Impressed a Woman Traveler.

In most European hotels in the smaller places the visitor is met at the desk by a woman instead of by the perfunctory clerk so familiar to Americans at home. I think this is because a woman can be more successful in the art of common, everyday robbery. One doesn't like to argue about the prices with a sweet, smiling little lady, who seems to be exerting herself to an extreme degree to secure one's comfort and happiness, but if one happens to be making short stops here and there it is wise to put away suavity for the time being to the extent at least of an occasional mild protestation.

When madame smiles benignly and tells you that the room you have chosen with everything included, will be 2 francs a day it is well to remember that "everything included" doesn't include everything by any means. There are a hundred and one little "extras," like tea, after dinner coffee, coffee and rolls in your room in the morning and such like luxuries, to say nothing of service, which must be paid for first hand if it is to be enjoyed at all. So at 20 francs madame is probably taking chances against a protest and will be enormously pleased with herself if none is forthcoming. It is the same all up and down the scale of prices, but I suppose those who can afford to go up the scale never care particularly.—Eleanor Franklin in Leslie's Weekly.

HOW BEAST MEN ARE MADE.

The Hideous and Cruel Practice of Flesh Sculpture in China.

"Victor Hugo in 'The Man Who Laughs,'" said an ethnologist, "tells of the sculptors of living flesh—those horrible people of the middle ages who kidnaped tender little children and turned them into all sorts of monsters, dwarfs, hunchbacks and the like, selling them afterward for jesters or for showmen's freaks.

"The hideous and cruel practice of flesh sculpture still continues. There is a tribe of Chinese gypsies who steal children and turn them into so called wild men. The practice is, of course, illegal.

"A kidnaped child is flayed alive, bit by bit, and the shaggy skin of a dog is grafted on him. This takes a year. At the year's end the poor creature is shaggy, like a bear, from head to foot.

"The child's vocal chords are destroyed with charcoal in an unspeakably cruel way. He can never speak thereafter. He can only growl and moan like a beast.

"He is imprisoned in a perfectly black hole until every vestige of reason leaves him. Nine months is usually a sufficient confinement to accomplish this.

"Finally, speechless, shaggy, lunatic, the victim is sold to a traveling showman and is exhibited throughout China as a genuine wild man or beast man. I am bound to say he looks the part."

HOG MONEY.

Origin of the Curious Old Brass Coins of Bermuda.

"Hog money" is the name by which the brass money which began to be struck in Bermuda in 1650 came to be known. On one face of it was a hog, on the other a ship of that period. These old coins are very rare and highly prized by collectors.

The history of this device is curious and interesting. A Spanish vessel, commanded by Juan Bermudez, on its way to Cuba with a cargo of hogs, was wrecked there. This was in 1515. Later in the same century, when the English discovered this land, they found a country inhabited by hogs.

It is also interesting to note that the English discovered it in the same way as the Spaniards. An English ship was wrecked there. Is it any wonder that the treacherous coast got from Spanish and English alike the name of Devil's Land? Yet it is one of the most beautiful coasts in the world, and it has been claimed that in brilliancy Mediterranean effects are not at all equal to those of Bermuda.

Bermuda is said to be the island of Shakespeare's "Tempest." The strange noises which mariners heard coming from this island, and which they did not then know were produced by hogs, caused them to say that it was haunted and to report weird things of it.—Pearson's.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

Money Wisely Expended Is Safely and Profitably Expended.

Beautified utility is never too costly. Over and over again the cost benefits of public improvements have been proved, defined, established. It is true of public betterments of a sanitary character; it is true of public betterments that look to commercial advancement; it is true of public betterments that have primarily an art value. The practical and the ornamental betterment are alike in this—that money wisely expended for good purposes is safely and profitably invested.

The limitations of expenditures for civic betterment are of course very obvious. The work undertaken must be good in itself and serve some good purpose. Money expended for a worthless filtration plant, for example, is money worse than wasted. Money spent for bad art is not always considered as so completely lost as money that might be wasted for worthless sanitary apparatus. The statue causes no ill health and may be avoided by passing down the next street, while an impure water supply brings death and destruction to many helpless persons.—Homes and Garden.

A Fortune In a Song.

Song writing is one of the most lucrative of occupations, provided one has the knack of appealing to the popular taste. The average writer stands a better chance of making money by producing pathetic rather than so called "comic" songs. "The Lost Chord" has made three or four fortunes. It has been the most lasting success on record, and for years Sir Arthur Sullivan, as composer, and Madam Antoinette Sterling, for whom it was specially written, received a royalty amounting to 13 cents each on every copy sold. It was a gold mine to the publishers too.

SOURCE OF SHELLAC.

The East India Insects That Produce the Resinous Substance.

India is the home of the Coccus lacca, the insects that produce the resinous substance known as shellac. The females puncture the twigs of several different kinds of trees, among them the ber, the bihar and the butea, and the twigs become incrusted with a hard, nearly transparent, reddish, resinous substance that serves the double purpose of protecting the eggs and finally furnishing food for the young insects.

The incrusted twigs are broken from the trees before the young insects escape and are thoroughly dried in the sun. These dried twigs are called "stick-lac," and from them shellac and a dye analogous to cochineal are prepared. "Seed-lac" is the resinous concretion separated from the twigs, coarsely pounded and triturated with water in a mortar, by which nearly all of the coloring matter is removed.

To prepare shellac the seed-lac is put into oblong cotton cloth bags and warmed over a charcoal fire. When the rosin begins to melt the bags are twisted, and the pure, clear rosin is allowed to flow over fig wood planks or the smooth stems of the banyan tree and cools in the thin plates or shells which constitute shellac.

Pure shellac is very valuable. It is much harder than colophony and is easily soluble in alcohol.

Incomes In Great Britain.

If one is earning an income of £1,000 a year he is among the financial "upper ten thousand" in the United Kingdom—in fact, there are not 9,000 (according to the income tax records) who are as well or better off than £1,000 a year. All the persons in Great Britain and Ireland who have an income of £10,000 a year and over could stand comfortably in a fairly large drawing room twenty-one feet square, while all who have incomes of £1,000 or over could be accommodated in a back garden thirty yards wide and sixty yards in length.—London Standard.

Atmospheric and Water Pressure.

The earth's surface is the plane of demarcation for atmospheric and water pressure. The barometer indicates increased pressure as we go down in mines and decreased pressure in ascending in the air. Water also increases in pressure as directly as the distance beneath the surface of the sea. The atmosphere has no known difference in composition at the greatest heights observed. It is its lightness or rarity that affects the lungs at great heights.

Wanted.

Every family having poultry to establish an agency at their home and sell a vermin powder. Sells for 25c per can. Our price $1 for 10 cans. No vermin on poultry or animals can live where used. Hot weather breeds lice and disease quickly. Hens stop laying and little chicks and turkeys die from the effects of vermin. Send $1 and get started. All orders shipped promptly. A boy or girl should sell 20 cans in a few hours, daily. Get your children started selling and teach them to do business. You can order in larger quantities, if desired at 10c per can. Vermin Powder Co., Box 560, Scranton, Pa.

Summer Sunday Excursions on P., S. & N. R. R.

Commencing Sunday June 24, 1906, tickets will be sold each Sunday until September 30, 1906, inclusive, from Smethport to Olean and Riverhurst at rate of $.75 for the round trip. Tickets limited to date of sale. Train leaves 8:18 a. m. Special low rates to all other points to which Sunday trains are scheduled. For further particulars see hand bills or inquire of agents. Jos. T. Odell, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa. Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

Very Low Rate to Minneapolis and return via Nickel Plate Road. $18.50 from Buffalo. August 10th, 11th 12th, and morning trains of the 13th, account G. A. R national encampment. Choice of routes beyond Chicago. Liberal return limits. For full particulars write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

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BRADFORD, PA.

Administrator's Sale.

Estate of W. R Rixford, late of Otto Township, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of McKean county, the undersigned administrator of said decedent, will expose at public sale, at the residence occupied by the said W R. Rixford, at the time of his decease, in Otto township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, situate on the premises hereinafter described, on Monday, the 20th day of August, A. D. 1906, at 11 o'clock a. m. the following described real estate and premises.

The said undivided one half part of a certain messuage in the Township of Otto, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, consisting of two pieces, parcels or tracts of land, bounded and described as follows:

1st. Beginning at the northwest corner of lot No. 107 of the allotment of the lands of the Bingham Estate in Otto township, McKean county, Pa., conveyed to Henry E. Prentiss; thence along the west line of said lot, south ½ degree west 77.8 perches; thence along the north line of lot No. 307 north 89¾ degrees west 87.4 perches; thence along the east line of lot No. 109, north ¼ degree east 119.6 perches; thence along the south line of lot No. 309 conveyed to Cook Borden and line of lot No. 101 conveyed to Cyrus Strong, south 89½ degrees east 88 perches and thence still along line of said lot No. 101, south ¾ degrees west 42.4 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 65.5 acres, be the same more or less; it being lot No. 108 of the allotment of the Bingham lands in Otto township, aforesaid, and part of Warrant No. 2162. Being same premises conveyed to William Rixford by the Bingham Trustees by deed dated Oct. 20th, 1874, and recorded in Deed Book Z, page 144, McKean county records.

2nd. Commencing at the northeast corner of William Rixford's lands and running thence north 89¾ degrees west, 85.2 rods to the Baker road; thence north 39 degrees east 111.4 rods; thence south 85½ degrees east 65.8 rods to the creek; thence north ¼ degrees east 14¼ rods; thence south 40 degrees east 135.2 rods along the creek; thence south 1 degree west to highway 72 1-5 rods; thence along highway north 89 degrees west 25.6 rods; thence north ¾ degrees east 42.4 rods to the place of beginning.

Containing 29.5 acres of land, be the same more or less, and a part of warrant No. 2162. And being the same premises conveyed to William Rixford by Jos. Duke and wife by deed dated May 12th, 1877, and recorded in Deed Book Z, page 145 McKean County Records.

Excepting and reserving from the above mentioned two tracts of land, a small lot conveyed by William Rixford and wife to O. P. Irving, by deed dated May 21st, 1870, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 7 page 324; 55-100 of an acre conveyed by William Rixford and wife to Benjamin Bunker and others for a cemetery by deed dated Jany. 4th, 1870, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 7 page 422, and all lots in the new cemetery which have heretofore been conveyed by W. R. Rixford and Simon C. Rixford, and subject to all pipe line, telegraph line and railroad rights of way now valid against premises granted by either William Rixford, or W. R. Rixford, and to all existing oil leases granted by William Rixford or W. R. Rixford, and to a certain assignment of oil royalty granted by William Rixford to Jennie Dennis by conveyance dated October 22nd, 1890, and recorded in Deed Book 104, page 380.

The above premises having about sixty acres improved and having thereon a one and one-half story frame house with the usual outbuildings, one small frame horse barn and one small hay barn, a small quantity of fruit trees and being well watered.

Terms of sale one-third of the purchase price and the balance of the purchase money down on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

D. C. YOUNG, Administrator.

GORTON & RICHMOND, Attorneys.

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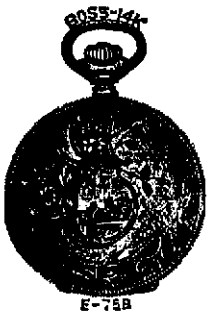

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